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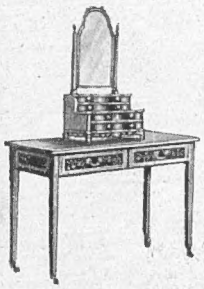
30-in. Solid Satin-Walnut Full Dressing Chest, with swing mirror; Washstand, with marble top and tile back .. **£2 18 6**

6 Well-designed Solid Oak frame, spring-seated Chairs, with loose blue covers **£2 15 0**



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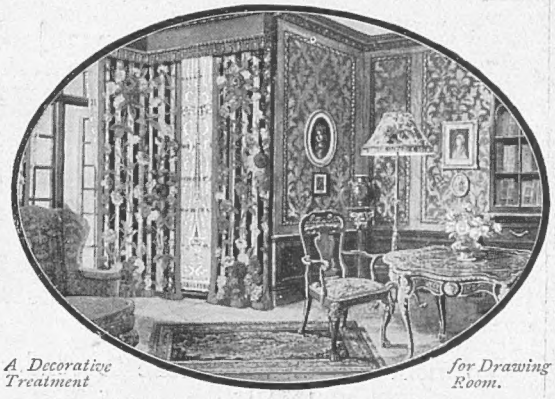

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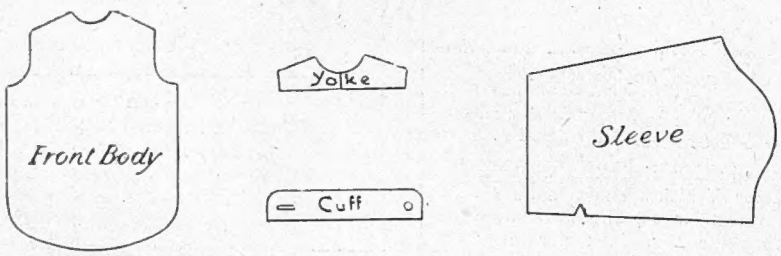

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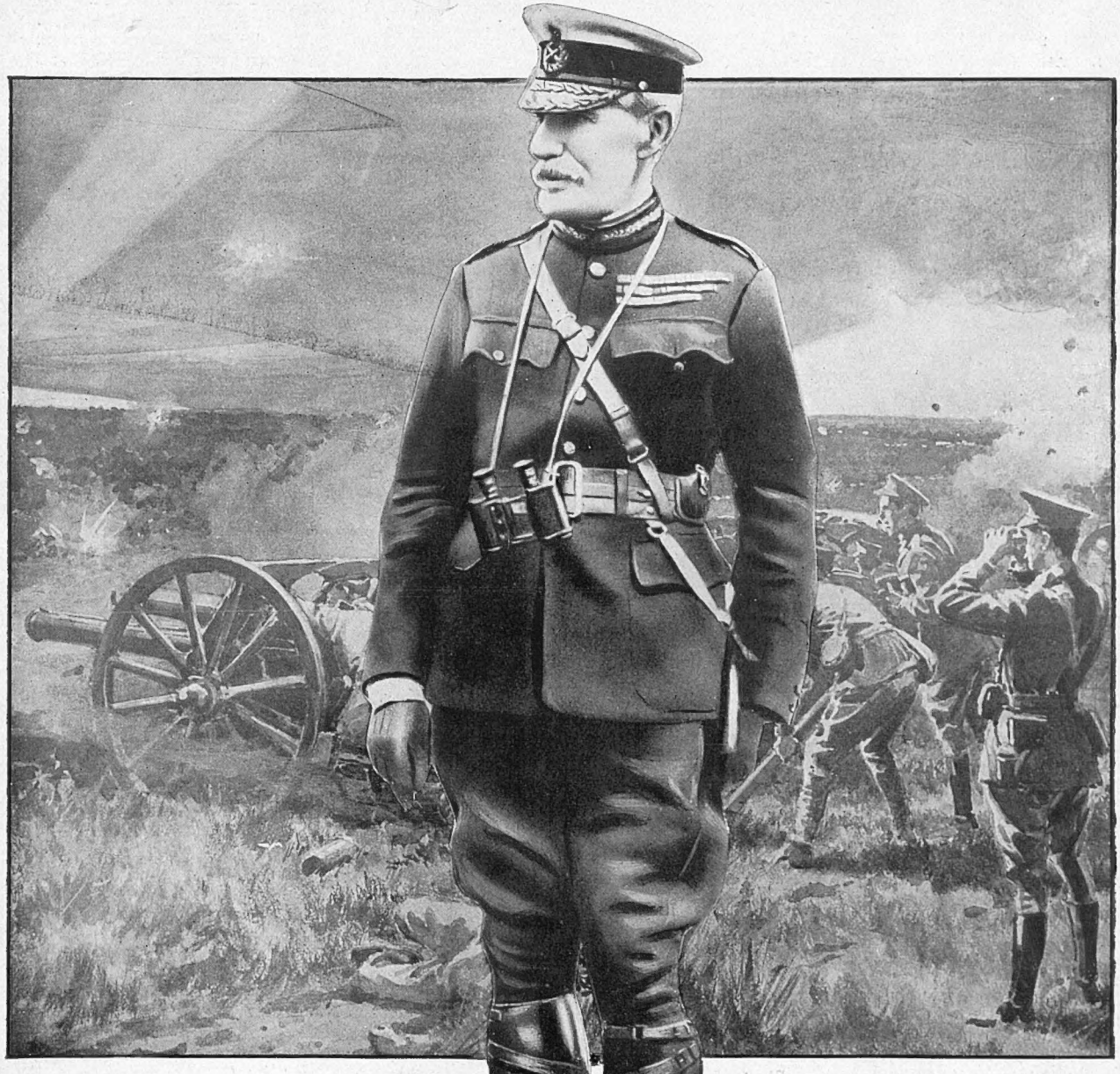
The Bystander, September 16, 1914.—No. 563. Vol. XLIII.

The BYSTANDER



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MONS AND THE MAN

"I cannot close the brief account of the British troops without deep appreciation of the valuable General Sir Horace of this glorious stand putting on record my services rendered by Smith-Dorrien.'—

EXTRACT FROM SIR JOHN FRENCH'S DESPATCH OF SEPT. 7.

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Donations of upwards of £3,500 have already been given or promised. Further gifts towards the inevitably large expenses are earnestly requested.

Cheques crossed "Barclay's, a/c Church Army," earmarked for "War Hospital," payable to Prebendary CARLILE. Hon. Chief Secretary, should be sent to the Church Army Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

War Comments

The New Leaf

IT is our glorious task to be able to record the first decisive victory of the Allied Arms in which our countrymen have played a part. It is right to rejoice. We know perfectly well that the victory of the Marne does not end the war. But it does end the first black page of it, just as fourteen years ago the Relief of Kimberley and the Battle of Paardeberg ended the first black page of Colenso and Spion Kop. By a splendid coincidence, the same work is done by the same man. Then, as now, it was Sir John French who turned over the new leaf, and embodied in his person the Briton's capacity to be at his best when he is thought to be beaten.

***

"Reculer Pour Mieux Sauter"

Up to the walls of Paris all looked like disaster. Then —something happened. Something that had been foreseen. Though the Great Retreat was not, as French's despatch shows, altogether "strategic," yet it does look as though the great surprise which met and turned the Invader was carefully prepared by our war managers. It is interesting to speculate how the new army which lay in wait somewhere about Compiègne was composed and where it all came from. Mr. Churchill made it clear that "sea power" was behind it all. British reinforcements were there, we know: also Indians. But Russians? The mystery deepens daily.

***

The Russian "Mystery"

Everybody in the whole country, except the few who delight in throwing cold water douches, is emphatic in his assurance that trainloads of Cossacks passed through his own station on some night or other. (He didn't see them himself, but the stationmaster said, and the signalman vowed, and the gardener swore.) Besides, why not? If Russia were willing and able to spare the men, England had the ships and the money too.

***

What the Camera Shows

We have not ourselves seen Russian soldiers, no, neither at Aberdeen nor Cardiff, York, Northampton, or Dover, nor even on Clapham Common. But we have carefully examined photographs of "troops embarking for the front" and if—well, if they're what we're told to believe they are, then we, ourselves, are Cossacks.

***

Solid Satisfaction

The victory of the Marne was received by Englishmen in a curious way. Not a solitary suspicion of Mafficking, no wavings of flags or cheers or processions. John Bull just went his way with the broadest beam that has been seen on his stolid countenance since long before we were born, anyway. Something had lifted, and his heart was far too full for him to shout about it. Besides, John knew perfectly well that a lot has yet to happen. The Invader has to be beaten back the rest of the way to Germany, which is bound to be a big operation. Once there, the task of invading *him* lies before us—a herculean effort.

***

Uniformity

Will those readers who have commented on the fact that the young man on THE BYSTANDER cover is not yet in uniform take this intimation that *he will so appear next week?*

***

"Ours Not to Reason Why"

Truly ours is the most docile democracy that ever was! Apart altogether from the response we have made, in our hundreds of thousands, to the call to arms, we have acquiesced without a murmur in things that, at other times, would have caused a revolution. We have allowed the Press Censor not only to suppress our news, but also our views. Government departments that have nothing to do with the war are allowed to ride roughshod over the elementary rights of man—such as the Englishman's to write to the papers.

***

Early Closing

Last week the *Globe* was firmly and not too politely told to suppress its readers' letters on the subject of the Spy Peril! The

Kluck! Kluck!

THE FIRST ROUT OF THE EAGLES, AND THE MEN WHO ACHIEVED IT

GENERAL JOFFRE

Commander-in-Chief of the whole Allied Forces, whose plans, after certain reverses, are now vindicated

SIR JOHN FRENCH

Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force, engaged on the left of the Battle of the Marne

GENERAL PAU

In command of the Forces of the Allied Left, which delivered the unexpected blow that turned Kluck away from Paris

GENERALS IN THE FIELD

EARL KITCHENER, WAR MINISTER

ORGANISER OF BRITISH VICTORY BY LAND

KLUCK! KLUCK!

AFTER the shout of Victory, honour to the men who organised it. Not only is the Battle of the Marne a glorious triumph of valour in the field; it is also the result of great organisation, for which the credit is largely due to the British statesmen who were able, by the use of sea power, to transport men from all parts of the earth to the point where their need was most vital

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

KEEPER OF THE OPEN SEAS

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (continued)

"lights out" order in London Town was agreed to with commendable alacrity, and we only lit our cigarettes with an eye on the heavens above. Last of all, we have cheerfully sacrificed our right to a glass of something after eleven o'clock, not only at bar or restaurant, but actually in our clubs.

***

A Slight Misgiving

THE BYSTANDER is prepared to take anything lying down, even this. But it does wish that prohibition against "night caps" had come from the War Office and not the "London Licensing Authority." We have no confidence that the decrees of the latter are not inspired as much by a zeal for our moral as for our military welfare, and once we've closed at eleven, who is to be sure we shall ever be allowed to open again—unless by the decree of an invader, with a super-thirst.

***

"Cum Grano"

Talking of the Spy Peril, I have reason to believe that the activities of the authorities are, in fact, a great deal more energetic—and ruthless—than is admitted by them, and I examined with a microscope the Home Secretary's statement the other day that no spies had been shot in England.

Photograph *Topical*

A REAL FLYER: GENERAL SIR DAVID HENDERSON

Sir John French in his last week's despatch to Lord Kitchener called particular attention to "the admirable work done by the Royal Flying Corps under Sir David Henderson"

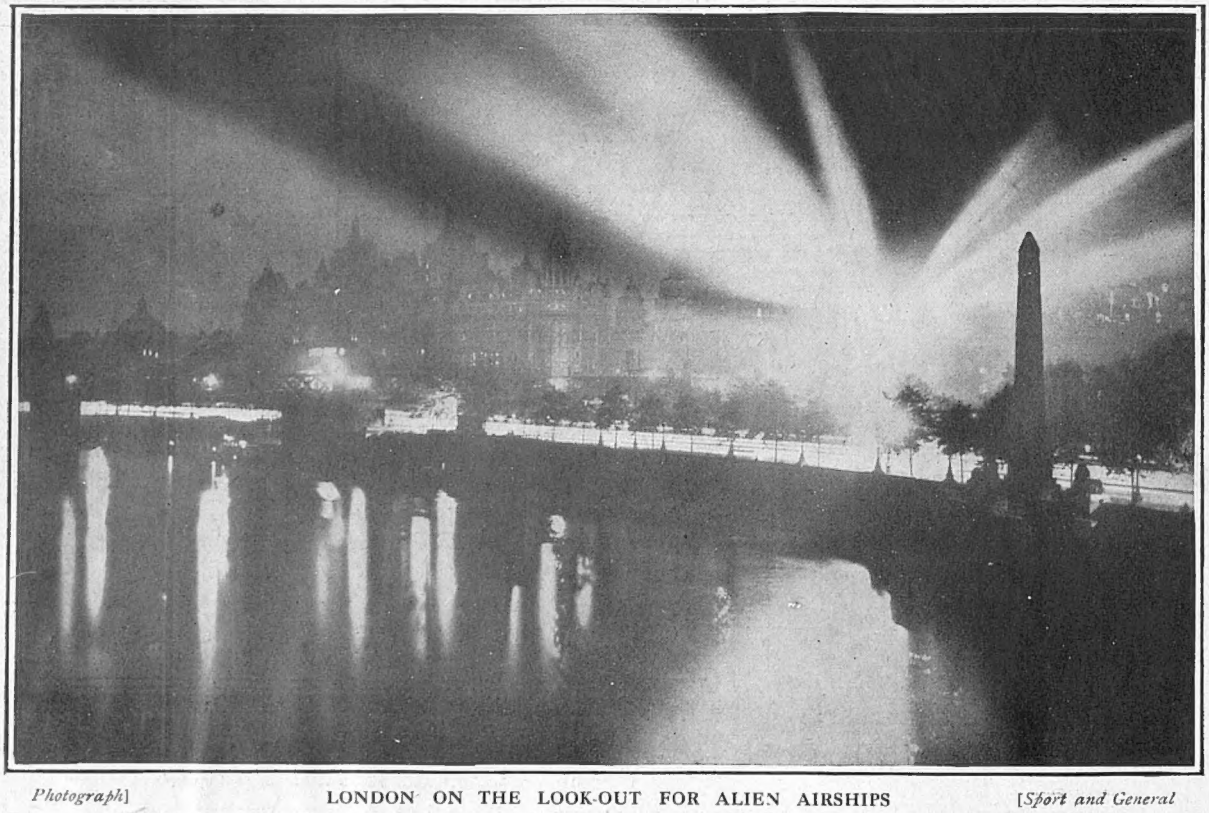
A Word That Had Lost Its Way

The poor Prussian! All the machinery in the world seems to fail to make him a sense of humour. It was the lack of this quality above all that accounted for his hopeless failure to see himself as others see him, and thus to gauge aright the attitude of ourselves before the war and the neutrals during it. If he only had some humour he would know when not to make an ass of himself by trying to justify his Hunnish bestialities by any excuses at all. But the top-note of witlessness is reached in the changes he is making in the use of words. Among these is the removal from Germany of the English word "gentleman." We don't know what it was doing there at any time.

***

A Tip to Follow

"Give a dog a bad name," etc. . . . The Germans accuse us of making a "shopkeepers' war" upon them. As nothing we can say will disabuse them of the idea, the best thing to do is to accept it, and to prove it to be ruthlessly true. We welcome the severely business-like attitude of Mr. Lloyd George in the City the other day, and look to him to deal with the enemy in the true spirit of the race of which he is so great an ornament.



Photograph] LONDON ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR ALIEN AIRSHIPS *[Sport and General*

A night scene on the Thames Embankment, showing how the searchlight at Charing Cross keeps watch over the skies

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (concluded)

After Louvain and Dinant—Melle

ROWS OF HOUSES AT MELLE
Burnt by the Germans in the course of their pilgrimage of devastation

A Sound Investment

Italy is to be congratulated, too, on her business-like attitude. She is ready, it seems, and even eager, to be up and at the Austrian enemy, if only it can be made worth her while. We trust Mr. Lloyd George will give this proposition his closest attention, and if the intervention of Italy in her own interests is also to ours, well, a million or so won't make much difference to us.

* *
*

Our Best Friend

But we are not sure that the British Empire's best friend is not, after all, the enemy. We have to thank him for providing us with the finest rally to the flag that has ever been known. Why, even Briton and Boer, thanks to the German attack on South Africa, will now fight together against a common foe, and in so doing put the final seal on the Union.

* *
*

What of the Turk?

They do not seem even to have got Turkey on their side. We feel so sorry for the Germans that we are almost inclined to give them the Turks—if that comparatively humane and civilized race will consent to be seen in the company of the butchers of Louvain.

HOMELESS WOMEN
Vainly searching for some remnant of their belongings among the ruins of Melle

Britain's Part in the War

A MOST GLORIOUS PAGE OF HISTORY—OUR FUTURE WORK

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S despatch of September 7 deserves to be printed as a leaflet which should be pasted into every history book in our schools. With the aid of a small map it would teach the children of all time the history of the grandest feat in British arms.

Greater triumphs may be in store, greater disasters may have to be faced in this war, but no episode will exceed in dramatic interest the opening series of conflicts in which we crossed swords for the first time with Germany.

Was the soldier of free will, the natural fighting man, the long-service voluntary who takes to soldiering as to sport, to prove the equal of the machine-made conscript ruthlessly driven to war?

The answer to the question came very soon, and it looked at first as if the highly perfected machine was about to destroy the army of free men. Our Allies, by an inexplicable miscalculation, had directed our little Army to a position where they reckoned that the initial pressure of the enemy would be light. But with unexpected suddenness, which proved the efficiency of the German spy system, the enemy launched an overwhelming force against us.

OFFICIALLY REPORTED AS "MISSING"

British soldiers who are prisoners in the hands of the Germans in their camp at Doberitz

Trouble came thick and fast. Namur collapsed, and with it the French right and centre were crushed back. On the left the British had to defend themselves against enormous odds, and prevent at all costs the Germans from turning the French flank. So there came about that classic withdrawal which only terminated at the gates of Paris. Ever facing the enemy, ever punishing him, holding him, and even beating him at times, the khaki army fell back from position to position.

The British army by this feat saved France. Let there be no mincing of that fact. The French were unable to spare another man or horse at the time; they had grievously underestimated the force of the German army that had streamed down from Brussels; and the sudden downfall of Namur upset all their plans. Had the British army failed on the left flank at that critical moment the Germans would have turned the French lines, cut off their retreat from Paris, and driven them in on the Ardennes. The Northern army of France would have met its Sedan.

From Mons to Meaux is a path of glory which will ever be hallowed in our annals. Never did the stubborn characteristics of the island races show to finer advantage. And the generals and officers proved worthy of the fine material they had to handle. There were many tragic hours for Sir John French and his staff. Read and re-read the despatch and see for yourself how close was the call on several occasions.

For the men it was the triumph of the intelligent fighting man over the mechanical soldier: for the officers it was the triumph of initiative and splendid team work over cut and dried plans.

The critics are still wondering why the Germans, when they had rolled the Allies back to Beauvais, due north of Paris, suddenly swerved away from the prize. The solution is simple. The unbroken British army had punished them heavily, and had beaten them in foot work. Near Beauvais fresh reinforcements came up to the Allies, and the exhausted Germans curled inwards towards Reims as fast as they could go.

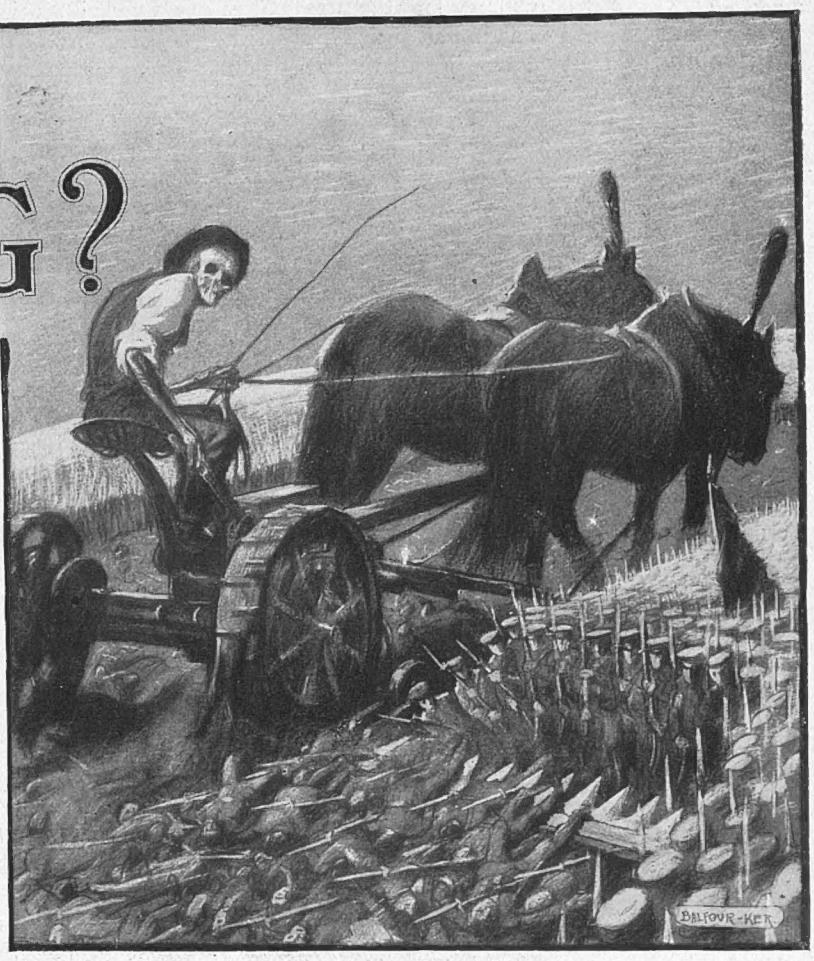
Then it was that the stamina of the British showed itself. From being the hunted they suddenly changed to the hunters, and day by day they have been battering in the right wing of the proud German army which marched through Brussels not so long ago, feeling fit to conquer the world.

But let us be warned against premature jubilation. The ignorant and sensational sections of the Press are misleading the public with their statements that the "German Army" is routed. There are four main German armies operating in France. The right wing of one of these armies and part of the centre have been driven back and partially crushed. It is a most welcome and significant change, but it is by no means the end of the German danger. Yet it fully bears out our persistent optimism that Germany will be thoroughly and quickly beaten.

HOW LONG?

A FORECAST OF THE WAR'S DURATION

THE question how long will the war last brings forth three distinct types of reply: (1) Till Christmas, (2) for at least three years, (3) Heaven only knows. The matter is regarded either optimistically as in (1), pessimistically as in (2), or mystically as in (3). I do not come across anybody who faces it in the spirit of exact calculation of chances, and, anxious to rush in where archangels fear to tread, propose to look at it in this light myself. If you wish to determine the duration of a war you have to look along the bloody road and see what are the possible places at which the Juggernaut could, an he would, come to a stop.



WHEN WILL HE FINISH HIS HARVEST?

What are the possible stopping-places of the present war? The question is complex for the obvious reason that it is a war on a general scale, between a whole crowd of belligerents, and not merely a fight between two. Were it France and Germany alone, or Russia and Germany, or Germany and Britain, you could settle your question by saying that the war would end soon after one party had given the other the decisively sound thrashing. You could gauge the relative fighting power of each, and give a pretty sound guess as to how long it would take the one definitely to settle the other.

In the present war, even if you estimate how long it might take Germany to smash France and Britain in the French theatre of war—or Britain and France to smash Germany—you leave open the question, first, as to how long it might take Britain to smash Germany (or *vice versa*) at sea or in the stomach; second, how long it would take Germany to smash Russia, or Russia Germany, in the east; third, how long it would take to settle what remains of the Austro-Russian affair.

As the Holy Alliance (that is ours, of course) has solemnly pledged itself not to conclude peace except altogether and at the same time, it seems to me that the logical way of calculating the chances is to ask how long will the longest-looking of the various wars last. Now, the war which looks like having the longest "run" is certainly not that which is being fought on land in France. For there, clearly, either the Germans are going to beat the Allies or the Allies to beat the Germans decisively within a space of time that will be, compared to the Russo-Prussian affair, short. The Russo-Prussian War is going to last longer than the Franco-Anglo-Prussian, but will it last longer than the Anglo-German naval and economic war? Anyway, the choice is between these two latter, and we have to work a bit at each to see which is to have the palm.

From information at my disposal I am able to state definitely that when Russia went out to war she provided stores and equipment to last her armies not only throughout the present winter, but also throughout the winter of 1915. Russia makes war in her own way, and at her own time, and for her own ends, and she stops her wars when she has finished them, not before. It took her nineteen months even to be beaten by Japan. It took her almost exactly twelve months to defeat the Turks in 1877-78. To reach Berlin may take her as long as it took her to reach Adrianople in the latter war, but that will not deter her from going on. The war on land, therefore, will last just as long as it takes Russia to beat the Germans and to enter Berlin, and if you want to gauge its duration you need to seek out your Russian strategical friends, and base your calculations on whatever you like to believe of what they tell you.

You can then hunt up your English naval strategic friends, and get from them their estimate of how long the Germans are going to rest content with

being bottled up at Kiel, and how long the British Fleet will be content to sit still and await their egress therefrom, and you can put this side by side with what your Russian friends tell you, and compare results.

These calculations are based, you will observe, on the assumption that the Allies and the Germans bring their war in France to some sort of a head which will enable the Germans to oppose the Russian advance in the east with sufficient force to prevent the Russians arriving in Berlin before Christmas. That means we either are beaten decisively by the Germans, or that we beat them decisively. Either emergency gets the Germans out of France and into Germany, and transfers interest in the war to the east.

There is, however, the other assumption, and that is that the Germans simultaneously beat the Anglo-French in France, and the Russians in Prussia, and in so doing are able to claim that the victory is theirs all along the line, and to ask the neutrals to intervene to bring the Allies to save further waste of blood and treasure by acknowledging themselves beaten, and, under the ægis of President Wilson, to meet somewhere to draw up a Treaty of Peace on German lines.

FEE—FI—FO—FUM

No doubt whatever this is what our friend the enemy fully expected would happen when he went so deliberately out to war, and this, of all contingencies, is the one which is likely to bring the war to the speediest end, though not in the way any of the Allies desire or intend. For it would leave Prussian Militarism top-dog in Europe, and would stereotype for all time its hateful doctrines. It would cast a halo over the hideous deeds of Butcher William, and form a horrible precedent for emulation by his "cultured" successors.

Such an ending to the war, then, is unthinkable: we have Mr. Asquith's assurrances that, beaten or not in the field, we shall not stop this war until we have fired the last shot. The alternative to a success of the Allies is, therefore, the death of said Allies in the last ditch, which may carry on the war for even more than the three years of the third of the prophets I quoted at the start.

But I haven't quite done yet. There is the Unknown Factor. There is this possibility to reckon with — that the war will continue to be sanguinarily indecisive for a few months more, say until the season of so-called Peace and Goodwill, neither party on either of the fronts being able to claim that he has beaten the other to a "frazzle." It is here that comes in the Unknown Factor. There is the possibility of internal trouble in one or other of the belligerent countries —a revolutionary movement, perhaps—which compels that country, regardless of all Treaties, to withdraw from the war.

I do not believe, if such a thing happened, that it would be in any of the Allied nations; but I do believe it exceedingly likely to happen in Germany very soon after it is discovered that the Prussian militarism has failed to justify its reckless claims to conquer the world at the expense of half a million or more good German lives. I believe the latent loathing among the German citizen classes for this very militarism would burst into a storm the very moment militarism looked like failing to "make good."

That would mean peace, certainly: the Allies, having secured what they fought for, their own freedom from an insufferable menace, might be inclined to make terms with the German revolutionaries which would be more generous to Germany than any they would make with Prussian militarism. They might be inclined, on Germany's paying what she owed to those she had so wantonly outraged, to give to her what was her due as one of the great peoples of the world, and to admit her to the family of nations.

Assume, however, that such a prophecy is falsified, and that Germany sticks through thick and thin to her misleaders. May there not arise the Conscience of Humanity—heaven knows where it will make its appearance; but may it not, nevertheless, come? May not somebody, such as the Pope or the American President, or some great personage in one or other of the fighting countries, come forward in the name of Christianity and Civilisation and demand that the nations of Europe declare the game a draw with honour, settle up accounts on a basis of right and justice all round, and bury the hatchet (and the Hohenzollerns) for ever and ever?

I am not hopeful that such a thing will be, but I say that it may be—and sooner than later.

In a naval and military sense the war might easily continue for three years or more, but in a moral sense it *ought* to be over by Christmas, and have we not some reason to believe that Morals will have some weight at this date in the world's history? CALCULUS.

TO THE PUBLIC TASTE

H.M. THE KING

Who has, much to the general satisfaction, recently been seen regularly in uniform, visiting his troops at Aldershot and wounded soldiers in hospital

"WARMLY COMMENDED"

GENERAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

Whom Sir John French has warmly commended for the skilful manner in which he extricated the First Army Corps from an exceptionally difficult position

MUCH TO GERMANY'S REGRET

MAHARAJAH SIR PERTAB SINGH

Who, in spite of his 70 years, has given his personal service to the King-Emperor

THE MAHARAJAH OF PATIALA

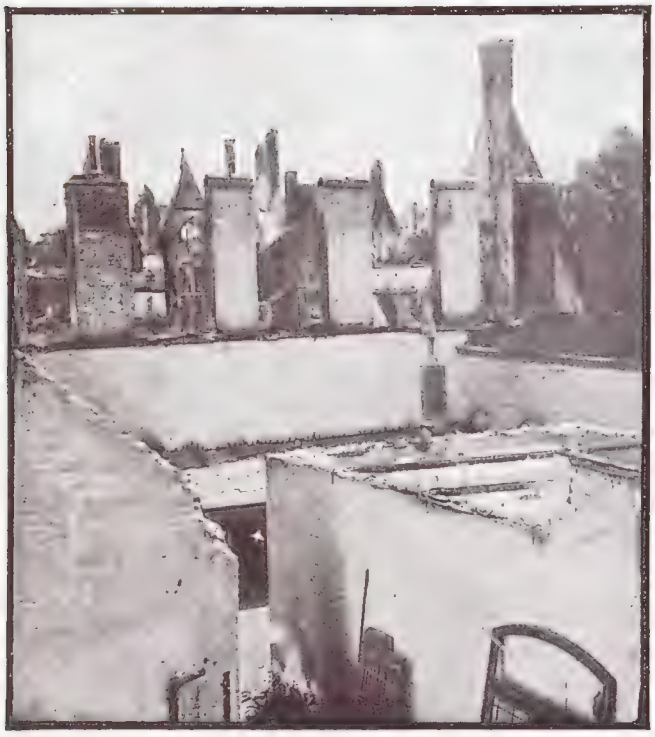
Who, like Sir Pertab Singh, has already joined the Expeditionary Force

THE MAHARAJAH OF BIKANIR

Whose contingent includes a camel corps, already en route

The representatives of Culture and the Higher Civilisation in Europe, will, doubtless, resent being confronted by "barbarous hordes" from India. The Indian contingent, on the other hand, welcome the chance of fighting against real barbarians

LOUVAIN: Should It Be Left in Ruins



THE RUINS OF THE UNIVERSITY AND LIBRARY OF LOUVAIN

ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE WORLD-FAMED LIBRARY

WRECKED CAFÉS AND HOTELS IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE, LOUVAIN

Enough has been spoken and written of the Sack of Louvain, but nothing speaks more eloquently of the horror of it than the camera, which tells the plain truth. Above is what German "culture" leaves to the world of culture as it was formerly understood. Our only new proposal

As a Monument to German CULTURE?

A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE STREETS OF THE DESTROYED CITY

THE FAMOUS TOWN HALL—SPARED PROBABLY BY INADVERTENCE

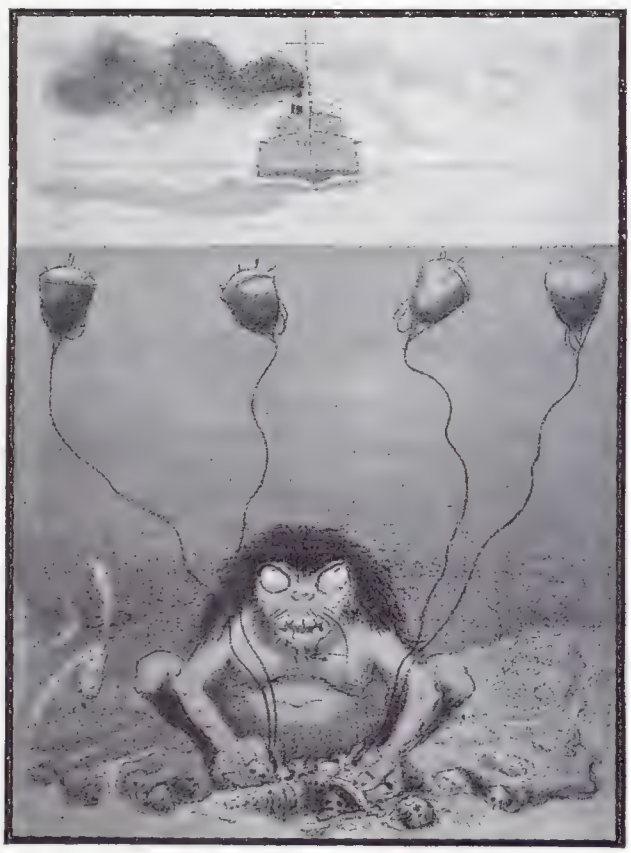
is this: that Louvain should be left as it is, as a monument for all time of the misdeeds of the Hohenzollern dynasty—under the headship of the man who will be known as "Bloody William"—which is responsible for the origin and the conduct of the worst war in history.

Expect the Unexpected!

HOW THE GERMANS MAY ATTEMPT TO CARRY THE WAR INTO ENGLAND

HOW can the apostles of Teuton "culture," who have sacked Louvain and shelled Malines work their desperate will against us? What is the limit of their power? The Editor has asked me to express an opinion on this matter. Let us gird ourselves for the worst, not thinking that we who live at home at ease can escape every scar of war. But before we consider what the German can do, let us first see what he cannot do. Not all the German Generals put together can send an army to subjugate this country. In the first place they have at present, at all events, no army to spare, and in the next, if they had, the British Fleet is there to forbid the passage.

What, then, can they do? Look up at the blue sky, and discover an aeroplane or a Zeppelin! The air is all one, and the bold spirits who throw explosives into Paris boulevards and drop shells into Antwerp would love to repeat their exploits on this side. It was a long way to fly or sail from beyond the Rhine, but from an advanced base in Belgium it would be no difficult thing to reach the Thames, the Medway, or the metropolis. Therefore, as the nights lengthen, let us be prepared for an onslaught from the sky. It would be quite simple for a Zeppelin to lie low near the Belgian shore and appear off the mouth of the Thames at dawn the next morning. We are ready for the visitants with guns and aeroplanes carrying deadly weapons, and she would receive a warm welcome. It will be well to be prepared for the noise of thunder, and if an aeroplane should drop a bomb, let those who see it falling near lie flat on the ground, if possible behind a wall, for the burst of a shell is upward.



WHAT THE GERMANS THOUGHT OF MINES WHEN USED BY THE "BARBAROUS" ORIENTAL

A protest issued ten years ago against the use of floating mines in the Yellow Sea by the Japanese in their war with Russia

Reproduced from "Lustige Blätter"

I will not suggest to the Germans what they could best attack. Probably they know already. But whatever they attack they will not bring their object nearer. They will merely waste energy, stimulate recruiting, increase British zest for fighting, and pile up the indemnity they will ultimately have to pay.

What else can the Germans do to us? They can attempt a raid. What number of men they could spare for such a purpose we do not know. A couple of shiploads of desperate fellows, sappers for choice, with explosives, might do a good deal of damage. Few of them, it is true, could hope to return to the Fatherland. The distinguished officer now Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet, which is our safeguard, has himself practised raiding during manœuvres, and the docks at Immingham and other like commercial resources have borne the marks of the friendly intruder.

Germans could attempt the same thing. They would have to slip away from Hamburg or Emden at nightfall and arrive with the break of dawn at the objects of their attack. They would hardly venture to come up the Thames, but injury might be inflicted near its mouth or in the Medway, and the air station at the Isle of Grain might be attacked. The mouths of the Humber and the Tees might be visited, and a great deal of injury be inflicted. We can imagine a desperate attempt being made to strike at the high-level bridge at Newcastle. The Firth of Forth in Dundee or Cromarty might be a scene of enterprise. One of the Shetland Isles might, perhaps, be seized, and guns be landed there, making a base for German destroyers, if they could get there. Such things might be attempted with the obect of drawing a part of the Fleet that way. All that the Germans did would have to be done by stealth, and it would be difficult to elude the Fleet. If a few German destroyers actually based themselves on a port seized by the Germans in the Shetlands or elsewhere they would soon be captured or destroyed, but for a time at least the north passage would give us some anxiety.

Wireless telegraph stations may also attract attention. Let us suppose, for example, some adventurous Germans, eluding our watch, and landing with the object of destroying the Poldhu Station in Cornwall. It is, perhaps, likely that some attempt may be made on places distant from the North Sea with the object of attracting a part of the Fleet away, and thus giving some better chance to the High Sea Fleet, if it has any idea of tempting Providence by risking a battle.

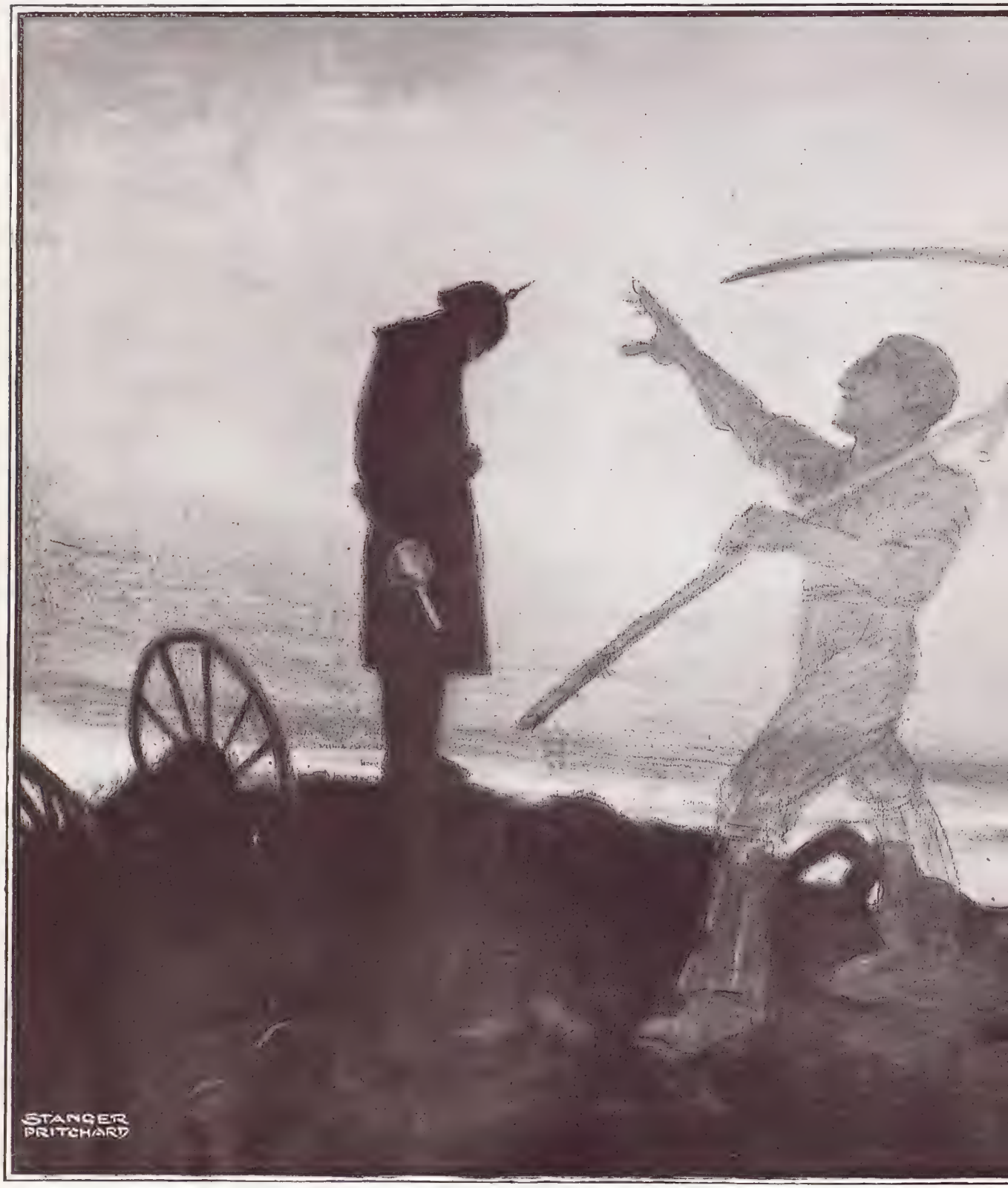
But the Germans are men who take risks. They know that risk is of the essence of war. They are keenly alive to the advantage of making diversion and spreading alarm. They have practised the plan with some success in Belgium. English people must, therefore, be prepared for the unexpected, which may happen in some sounding fashion any fine morning.

JOHN LEYLAND

The Bottling Season

NOW IS THE TIME TO BOTTLE FRUIT (AND OTHER THINGS)

BY BERT THOMAS



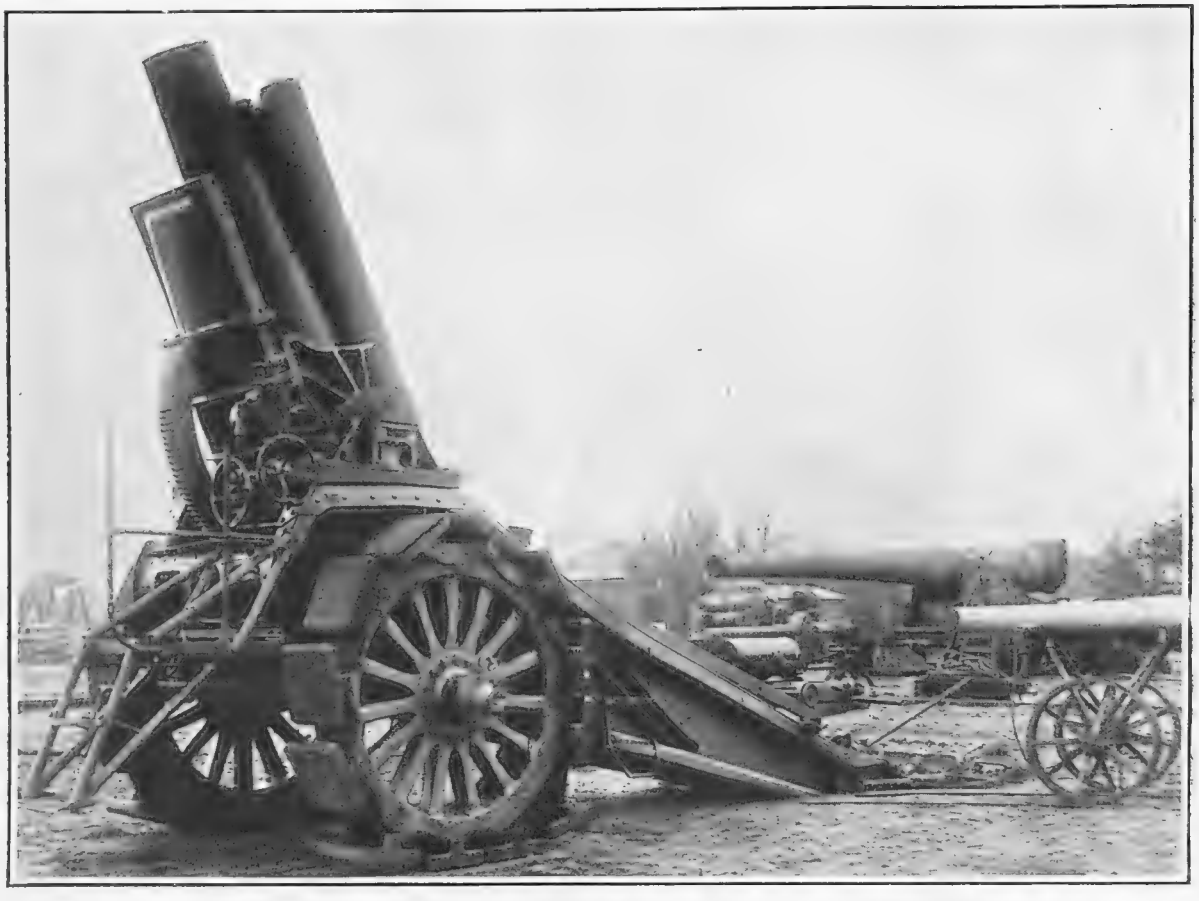
THE HARVE

ST OF WAR

BY STANGER PRITCHARD

Surprises Sprung by Krupp

WHICH HAVE MADE WAR MORE DEVILISH BUT NO MORE DECISIVE



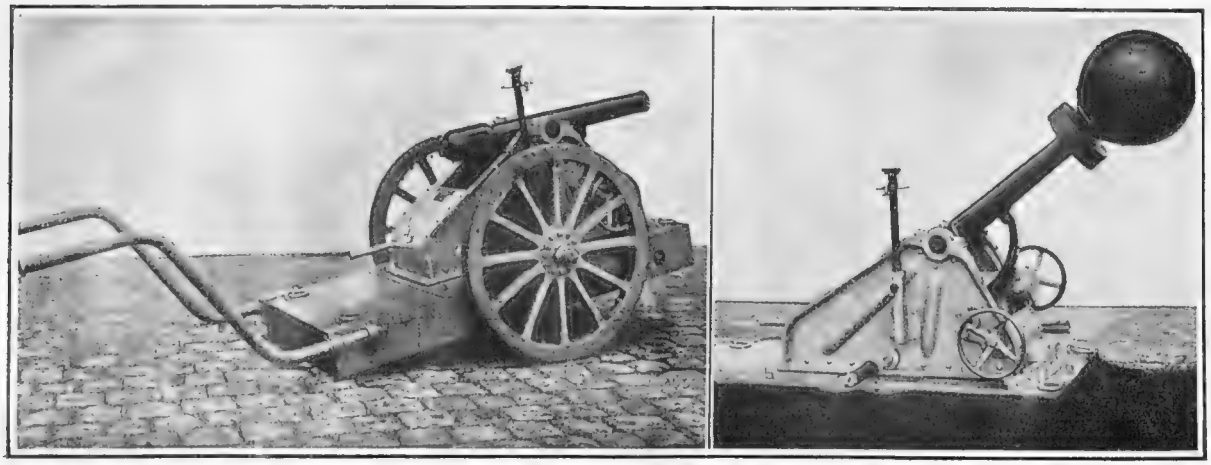
THE MONSTER SIEGE GUN OR HOWITZER, WHICH IT TAKES FORTY HORSES TO DRAW

WHY NAMUR WAS NOT IMPREGNABLE

THE sudden collapse of Namur, with all it entailed, was (we know now) due to the unexpected appearance of siege guns, the like of which had never confronted any stronghold before, and the havoc wrought by them on works long thought "impregnable," must profoundly modify the future ideas of military engineers. Four shots from this monstrous weapon, and Namur's "right hand" fell into ruins! This 17-inch gun, huge as it is, is no passive resister to be embedded in concrete and fought from a fort. It takes the field like any gun of a battery, and thumps into action on flat-footed "pedrail" wheels behind forty sleek dray-horses

THE ANCIENT CATAPULT REVIVED

THE great Essen house exists for manslaughter on a truly titanic scale, and all the ablest brains in the German Empire, from chemist to engineer, are at its service. Below we see a bomb-throwing gun, which does its work as noiselessly as the torpedo in the sister service—that is to say, in the launching of the missile at any rate. It is a spring gun on the principle of the catapults used in ancient times. And it throws picric-acid shells with amazing swiftness, sureness, and volume. Nothing can live where they fall, and they destroy walls and houses for fifty yards around, thus making matters easy ror the infantry that come crowding in their wake



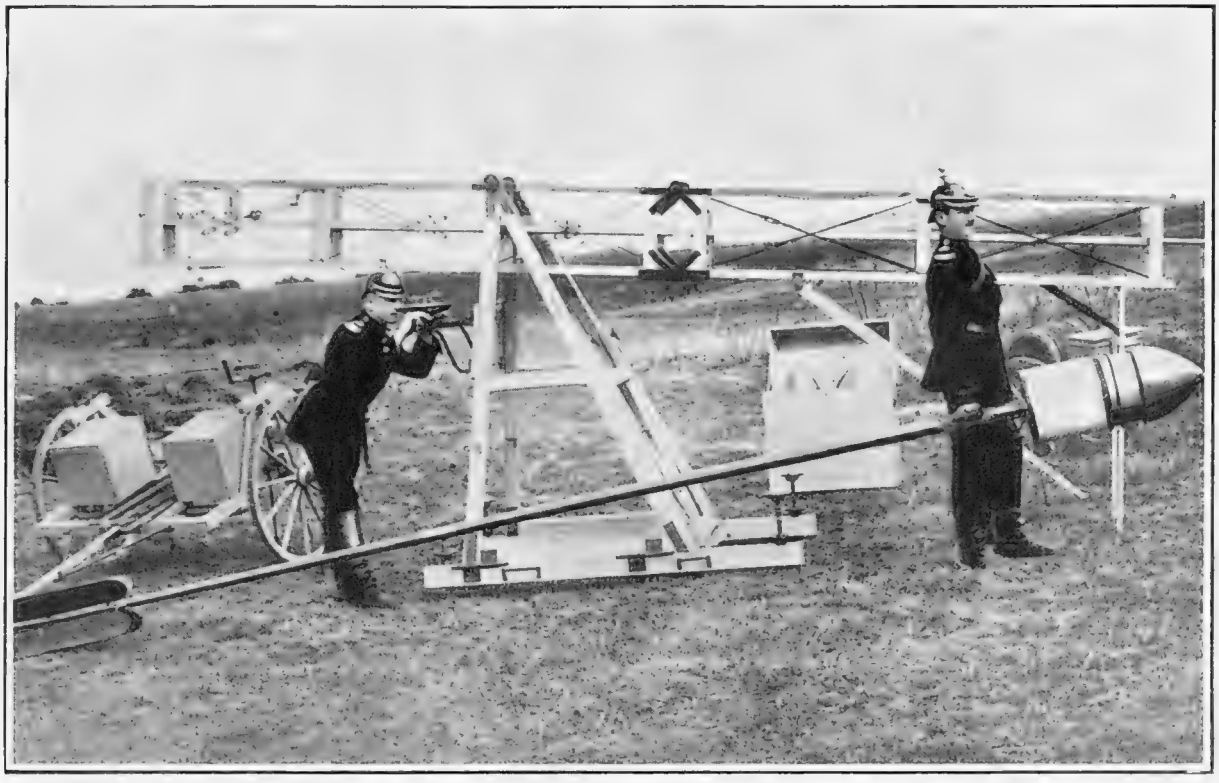
The cannon and its carriage ready for transport

The cannon with wheels removed and bomb in position ready for firing

KRUPP'S NEW BALLISTA, FOR HURLING BOMBS INTO A TOWN

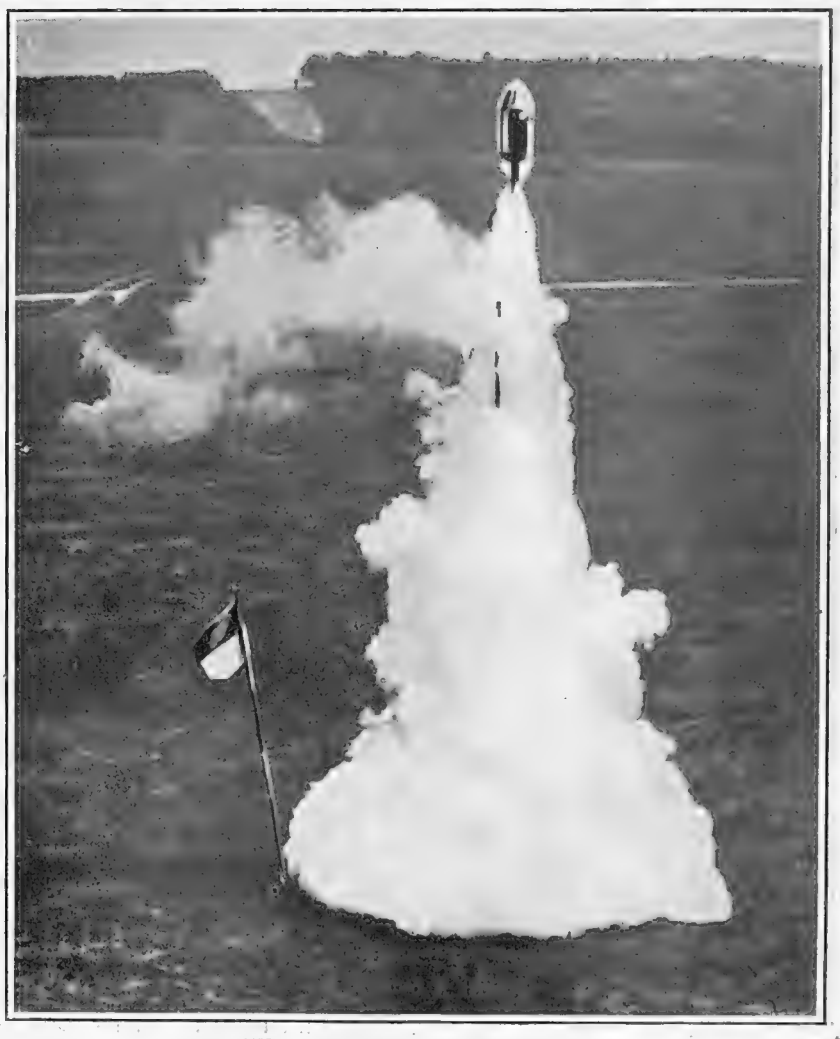
Rocket-Cameras in the German Army

INGENIOUS "FIREWORKS" THAT MAP THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY



GERMAN SOLDIERS WITH THE MILITARY ROCKET PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS

THE question of "intelligence"—of accurate information about the enemy's forces is of paramount importance, especially in a hostile country. Winning or losing, the invader must know what is before him—whether an ambush is prepared, and what is the general lie of the land ahead. Hence the operations of scouting cavalry; hence aeroplanes and aerostats, great and small, as well as war-kites which take panoramic photographs when an electric button is pressed. And hence also carrier pigeons, some of them provided with tiny cameras which are automatic in operation, and record the country crossed by the birds. But all these devices offer targets to the enemy, and in many cases fail to accomplish their mission. The Germans think they have the ideal "aerial spy" in the curious rocket-camera which is among the novel features of this long-planned descent upon France. The gear—it looks like a step-ladder out of business for a time—can be hitched to a fast car and dragged across country at high speed. Then the reconnoitring party halts; the strange, scaffold-like thing is up-ended and the camera made ready for an ascent. A slight charge of powder sends it soaring aloft for one moment's searching survey. A puff, a cloud and column of smoke, and the apparatus rises in silence, with its Zeiss lens ready for action. The work done—the enemy's land mapped out as by an eagle's eye—the rocket-camera comes fluttering to earth on a parachute, which opens of its own accord and lets the precious record descend in safety to expectant hands

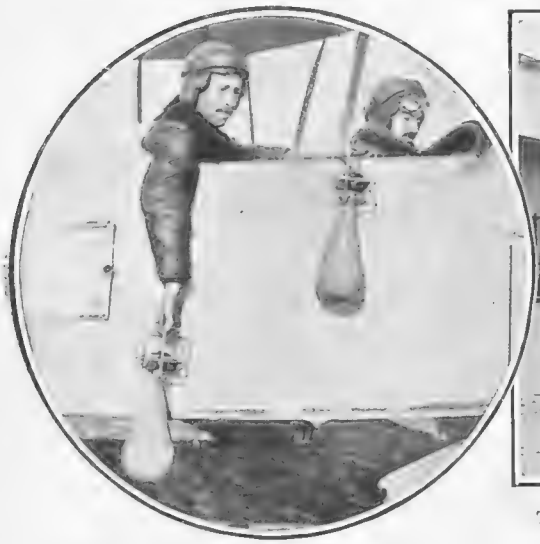


THE INANIMATE AERIAL SPY

Photographing in mid-air by means of the military rocket camera

The Terror of the Air!

AND HOW THE ARMIES FIGHT AGAINST IT



BOMB-DROPPING BY HAND FROM AN AEROPLANE

THE AEROPLANE IS CONVEYED TO ITS APPOINTED SPHERE OF OPERATION ON A MILITARY MOTOR

THAT Germany's "Great Day" would bring with it war in the skies was fairly well foreseen, but few expected—certainly few of us peaceful civilians—that bomb-throwing would take place upon a great scale, and that alike over fortress and undefended town. Now observe the perfect working of this terrifying menace. First of all we have a high-powered car capable of taking a Taube aeroplane, so dexterously folded up that its presence cannot be detected until it is time for it to ascend. Up goes the bomb-thrower at last with his dreadful little bags of high explosive, each weighing 22lb. He knows the risk to himself; has not his own army special aeroplanes for the instant destruction of such enemies as he? But his is an armour-plated car, and should itself be proof against a bomb dropped by its aerial enemy. The French, by the way, have quick-firing mitrailleuses for this work, but guns like these are neither so powerful nor so mobile as the German. It is the old story of offence and defence which we see in the navy—armour versus gun, torpedo versus net and so on. Somehow "offence" is always just a stage ahead. Thus the bombs dropped in Antwerp did their deadly work without reprisals, and such was the force of the explosion that thick walls thirty feet away were as badly holed as if they had been subjected to artillery fire.

AN AEROPLANE DESTROYER

Armoured motor-car equipped with gun for the destruction of hostile aircraft

TO CHECKMATE THE BOMB-THROWER

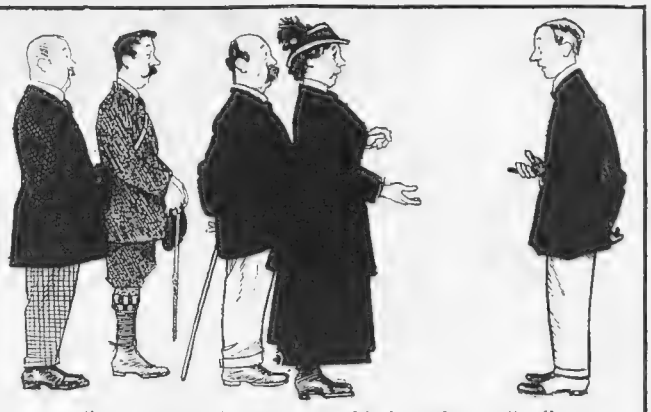
A battery of French Mitrailleuses in action with their specially adapted gun for firing at aeroplanes

THE EFFECT OF BOMBS DROPPED BY AIRCRAFT

The wall of a house ten yards from where a bomb exploded. Fragments of the bomb passed right through this thick wall

A Slump in Consuls

BY A RETURNED TOURIST



"A young man in spats dealt with the ordinary callers"

IF the news should come through at any time that the British Consulate at Petersburg and one or two other places have been wrecked by infuriated tourists I, for one, shall understand the reason. When I left Petersburg scores of unhappy persons were thronging the Consulate every day, and every day they were informed that all routes were closed and that there was nothing for it but to wait.

A young man in spats dealt with the ordinary callers, an older and graver official parleyed with the more restive ones, and I believe that a few persistent and unappeasable spirits actually gained the Presence itself.

And no one in Petersburg knew less of the various ways of getting home than did the young man in spats, the older and graver man, or the Presence. There were four wan Englishmen that I remember particularly. They had come out by a boat which in three days' time was to have taken them back again, but which for obvious reasons did not start.

"In unutterable distress"

These unfortunates possessed between them about twenty pounds, and the only assistance, financial or otherwise, that they could get was to wait, "and husband their resources!"

"Wully Appleyard"

Now, here were all these unfortunate people in unutterable distress, while all the time, had they only known, the route to England *via* Finland, Sweden, Denmark, and Esbjerg-Leith or Harwich was open. Two friends of mine discovered the fact in Moscow, came to Petersburg, plucked me from the bosom of the Consulate, and took me with them. Why on earth, then, couldn't the Consulate, with all its resources, have known of it too? We saw many Consuls during our three thousand miles' journey home—all pleasant, all polite, but quite, quite unhelpful. At Stockholm we tried to find out from which port a boat was most likely to be sailing. Except that Esbjerg (the port from which we *did* get a boat) was quite hopeless, we got no information there, although the telephone and telegraph might have supplied any that was going.

What we did get, however, was a great deal of entertainment from a conversation between a compatriot of ours there and the Presence, who was a Swede. Our fellow-countryman was a Yorkshireman, the most palpable Yorkshireman conceivable, had run short of money, and was applying for financial assistance.

"And what is your name?" said the Presence.

"My name is Wully Appleyard, and Ah coom from Yorkshire," came back in thunderous tones.

"And how am I to know that you are English?"

To this day I don't think the Presence knows why we all suddenly laughed!

At Copenhagen, where we presently arrived, we found the Consulate in a state of feverish activity. Some idea of the strain imposed on the staff may be gained when I say that the building was not only open during its already lengthy working day of from eleven to four (with only an hour off for lunch), *but was actually working overtime!*

They sent us to a sailors' home in the end, there to wait for an imaginary ship. We endured the sailors' home for exactly two hours (the innumerable texts drove us away again), and finally decided that as two Consulates had advised us not to go to Esbjerg that would be the most likely place to find a boat.

We went to Esbjerg that night. We got a boat home the next day. So much for Consuls!

Imaginary picture of the four Englishmen's return after the war

The Duty of Women

"WAIT AND WATCH"

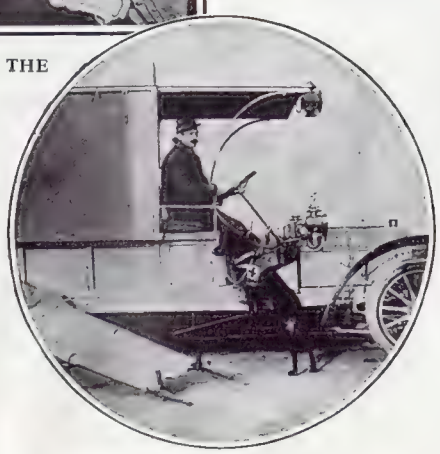
England the Unready

This is no time for shirking, for the playing of games or for selfish considerations. As a nation we have been caught unprepared because in the days of our heedlessness we refused to hear the warnings of those who knew, who insisted to deaf ears that every able-bodied man should be trained to defend his country. It is too late for recrimination, the predicted catastrophe is upon us, and we are unready. The best that we can do is to strain every nerve and sinew to remedy past inaction. That our losses will be the greater for our negligence goes without saying. We must bear them, acknowledging that our blood is upon our own heads; we must set our teeth, determined to win in the end, at whatever cost.

The Veil Lifted

The failure during the first few days of our young men to respond to Lord Kitchener's call in anything like an adequate quantity must, to a large extent, be set down to British lack of imagination. We did not, as a nation, foresee, we do not yet as a nation understand, the danger that is upon us, but with the example of heroic Belgium before our eyes there is no excuse for further apathy. Even the dullest must realise, confronted by the constantly growing tale of German atrocities wreaked upon an innocent population, what it will mean if we are defeated.

EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY: FIDO THE FOP HAS HAD HIS —



— AND TRUSTY TIM NOW COMES INTO HIS OWN

Our Bare Duty

The place of women is not on the field of battle. Ours is the harder task of waiting and watching, of patient endurance, of nursing and civic usefulness. There is much that women can do, and all of us are willing and eager to expend ourselves and our resources for the country. Women are busy everywhere throughout the land, preparing themselves to nurse the wounded, organising hospitals, relief work, making garments, undertaking every task which comes their way. We are doing this, not as a praiseworthy activity, but as our bare duty, our debt to the country. Sacrifice is, and must be to the end of time, the chief law of woman's life; but we have read our duty amiss, we have failed lamentably if we do not accomplish more. Though we give our bodies to be burned we have done nothing if the men, our men, for whose education and ideals we as women are largely responsible, do not respond to the call, refuse their share of the national burthen.

The Larger Sacrifice

It is easier far to sacrifice one's self than those one holds dear, but unless the larger sacrifice be unhesitatingly accomplished we must acknowledge ourselves and our efforts as worthless. We must use our influence with husband, brother, sweetheart, and son to its fullest extent. Like the Spartan women of old we must send our men forth to battle; we must give them with our own hands the shield and its motto: "With this or upon it." I remember an old song of the Spanish-American war, of which the refrain was: "The girl behind the man behind the gun." No one denies that it is "the man behind the gun" who counts—how much more the woman behind the man? Where is our boasted and traditional feminine influence if any able-bodied man be permitted to idle about, blind to his country's need, without feeling that his women consider him a weakling and a disgrace, false to his salt? It is not an easy task that we women have before us; it is not easy to send forth those we love to possible, even probable, death; but if broken hearts be the price of patriotic womanhood we must pay it and pay it bravely and smilingly. For we are hard pressed. Every hour wasted is so much to the advantage of the enemy. As for the nature of that enemy, consult the list of his atrocities—and hold back if you dare.

The Need for Discrimination

But our whole duty, as women, does not lie in urging our men to enlist. For if our influence is to be efficacious we must be prepared and able to succour the dependents of our soldiers, the wives, mothers, and children left without means of support. Many men who would gladly obey their country's call feel, and rightly, that they cannot leave their families to face destitution. We must realise, too, that without knowledge of the circumstances it is unjust and unfair to tax with cowardice those men who remain at home. Zeal, however righteous, brings itself to naught if it be untempered with understanding.

EFEMERA

"GREAT BRITISH VICTORY"

BY BLAMPIED

BELLICOSITIES

BY "JINGO"

YOU see the Germans are such liars that one cannot even believe the contrary of their official announcements.

* * *

The name of the Heavenly Power is being found in queer places, Imperial and otherwise. Now it has got on to Mr. Bottomley's posters. Well, well, what next?

* * *

"It would be inglorious," wrote one of the war correspondents in Paris last week, "for our good fellows to have to take refuge in Burgundy or the valley of the Marne." We deny the application of the word "inglorious" to the former of the two localities.

* * *

A race was run last Wednesday at Doncaster, known as the St. Leger.

[*This has been submitted to the Press Bureau, but while they have no objection to its publication, they take no responsibility for the truth of the same.*]

* * *

What has happened to our old friend the Sanjak of Novi Bazar that he never seems to be mentioned in the war news nowadays?

* * *

Raisuli seems, however, to be unable to keep his name out of the papers. Dead again, we see. Now then, Menelik! Your turn.

* * *

"The life of German warships is," it is announced by the German Admiralty, "to be reduced from twenty to fifteen years." A decision to reduce it considerably further has been taken—by the British Admiralty.

* * *

THE PRUSSIAN BATTLE HYMN

"Onward, Christian Soldiers,
Murdering as they go."

* * *

Austria is getting hungry.

* * *

The Kaiser: The Daylight Losing Bill.

* * *

British inland resources are only now being realised. A number of prominent persons who used to go to German "bads" to recruit are now doing it in London.

* * *

An advertisement in the *Daily Express* begins: "Are you satisfied with your present prospects; if not send postcard, etc." We shall be happy to hand on the address to any member of the German or Austrian General Staffs on application.

* * *

Mr. Churchill has a placard appealing for recruits attached to the back of his car. But the men themselves are wanted for the front.

* * *

Talking of recruiting, Sir William Lever marched into Chester the other day at the head of a thousand men. So the Kaiser may get his Sunlight after all.

* * *

The *Strand* is publishing a series called "As Funny As They Can," each contributor trying to live up to the heading. In order not to discourage the efforts of less competent workers, however, the Kaiser has not been invited to take part.

* * *

The Belgians opened the dykes the other day and the enemy found himself up a tree.

* * *

The Zeppelins which attacked the unarmed part of Antwerp the other day came from the base.

* * *

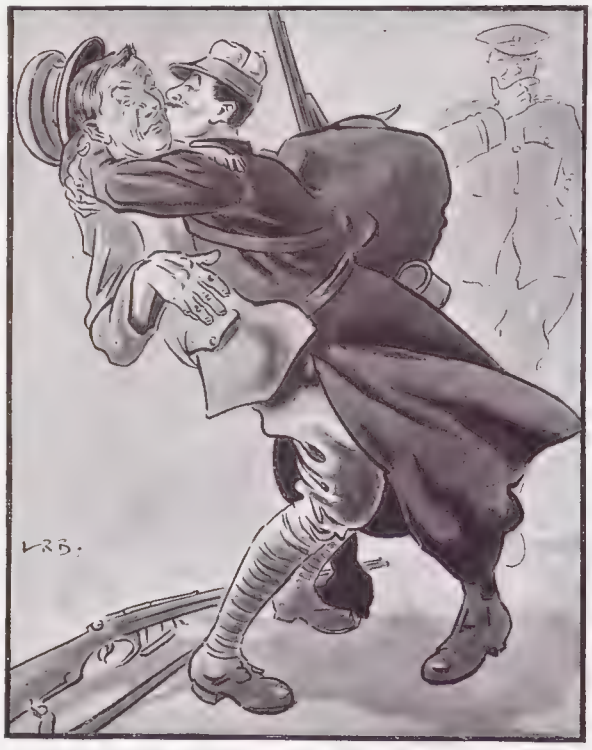
How our ideas of geography are changing! Many people are already doubting whether Berlin is really on the Spree.

* * *

A priceless collection of books has been destroyed at Louvain. We had always understood that "Great oaks from little acorns grow." From destroying "scraps of paper" the Germans are now ready to burn whole libraries.

* * *

The Press Bureau has been improved. [This statement has not been confirmed by the Press Bureau.]



AFTER THE BATTLE OF MEAUX

The only occasion on which the British Tommy was known to quail

By L. R. Brightwell

Important Surrender of Copyright

"BLOODY" MARY (to Wilhelm of the "Death's Head Hussars"): "Sire, I feel I am no longer worthy of the title I have borne! Henceforward it is yours!!"

BY E. T. REED

Wanted—A Marching Tune

A CHANCE FOR THE BRITISH COMPOSER

ONE Sunday a little more than a month ago I was standing in the Buckingham Palace Road watching the Guards march out of London. And to my amazement they marched to the tune of the *Marseillaise*—surely for the first time in English history! But it was not merely the fact of such an aristocratic regiment marching to the most revolutionary of tunes that astonished me, but also the absence of any tune of their own suitable, if not actually inevitable, on such an occasion. Of course, there is "The British Grenadiers," but that rather chirruppy melody is essentially intended for fifes and drums, not a military band. And in any case there are other Guards Regiments besides the Grenadiers.

As a matter of fact, I am afraid the trouble is that the British Army does not take its music very seriously. Regiments have been known to parade before the King to tunes like "Hitchy-Koo" or "Alexander's Rag-Time Band." There is something so revoltingly incongruous in this to the musician that he can hardly argue about it. The quality of march tunes has a direct influence on the men, and it seems a pity that the British Army should have to depend on the music-halls for musical stimulation.

Nevertheless, it seems inevitable for the present, especially in the case of the English regiments. The Scotch, of course, are well served by their fine pipe-tunes like "The Cock o' the North" and others too numerous to mention. The Irish could procure, if they liked, an almost unlimited quantity of traditional and apposite melodies. So could, I think, the Welsh, ranging from the "March of the Men of Harlech" in many directions. But the English are distinctly badly off for good marching tunes. The Rifle Brigade, I think it is, have a certain ditty telling us (again I quote from memory) that "The 95th have gone away and what will all the ladies say?" but it is not exactly an inspired composition. "Brighton Camp," the tune better known as "The Girl I Left Behind Me," is far from being a good specimen of our best folk-music. Indeed, without books of reference I must admit that our folk-music helps us remarkably little in this respect, though "John Barleycorn," with new and topical words, would be a first-rate tune to sing on the march.

So, as things are, our brave troops go into battle singing "It's a long way to Tipperary," a tune, whatever its defects, that seems to me a distinct improvement on the theatrical "Soldiers of the Queen" of the Boer War. Still, though I venture to count myself among the discreet admirers of that lilting song, I cannot say that it seems quite adequate as battle-music for the British Army. It is distinctly "special" to begin with, and I am sure that quite a large proportion of His Majesty's forces have no desire at all to visit Tipperary and don't mind a jot that "it's a long way to go."

The fact of the matter is that we badly need a national song in the rhythm of "Deutschland Über Alles." True the Prussians, being the most unmusical people on earth, entered Brussels singing "Puppchen, du bist mein Augenstern," a tune unhappily familiar to all dancers of the one-step. And, indeed, they have no excuse, possessing two fine marching tunes to choose from. But if we enter Berlin for Heaven's sake don't let us sing nonsense like that. We have plenty of good composers. Let them see to it. Now, then, Elgar, Vaughan-Williams, Stanford, and the rest of you, you have a chance that does not occur once in a hundred years! The British Army needs what is the most difficult thing in the world to write, a really first-rate marching tune. Have you the genius (the word is carefully chosen) to compose one?

FRANCIS TOYE

THE FAMOUS TOWN HALL OF BRESLAU

Breslau, which was one of the objectives of the Russian advance in the East last week, is the capital of Silesia. One of the few public buildings of Louvain which the Germans spared—probably through inadvertence—was the Town Hall. The Town Hall of Breslau might, possibly, catch fire—also through inadvertence

"And in the Evening Where Were They?"

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AT THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR

Marching through Plymouth, headed by their gallant leader, Colonel W. E. Gordon, V.C., A.D.C., to the docks, en route for Belgium. In the retirement from Mons the regiment lost heavily, no fewer than twenty-one officers, including the commanding officer, having been reported as killed, wounded or missing. Most of these casualties occurred in a surprise attack by the Germans during the small hours of Wednesday morning, August 25

This Year's Sea Serpent

It bears the head of a Cossack, and evidences of its existence have been visible at points on the sea and on land, extending from Archangel via Great Britain to the battle-fields of Belgium and France. Nobody has at yet seen it himself, but everybody knows somebody who has

BY G. E. STUDDY

ACTION FOR LIBEL

J. LYONS & CO., Limited (Plaintiffs)

v.

LIPTON, Limited (Defendants)

IN the HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE Mr Justice Sankey, on September 8th, 1914, granted an Interim Injunction restraining Lipton Limited, their Agents and Servants, from speaking or publishing or writing and publishing any words to the effect or of the substance that J. Lyons & Co., Limited, or the Directorate thereof, is composed of Germans, and that by purchasing their commodities the public is assisting the enemies of Great Britain.

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Dr. Colonnay was the first to discover that various medicines, nostrums, prescriptions, dieting, apparatus, appliances, greasy creams, massage and other expensive advertised methods always fail because they overlook the basic fact that the mammary glands of the bust are the only organs which lie idle the greater part of a woman's lifetime, hence they can never be developed like muscles. A full description of just how this triumph of modern science causes new, firm and healthy tissue to be created at will, and just why its stimulating action is exerted only upon the bust, neck, shoulders or arms but never upon abdomen, hips or other part of the body, would require more space than is available for this special article, but arrangements have just been made whereby readers of THE BYSTANDER are enabled to obtain all necessary information by promptly using coupon below. There is no charge for this, but, if convenient, two penny stamps may be enclosed for posting expenses.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—*Readers are particularly cautioned not to use this new method where more flesh is not desired, as the enlargement, when once produced, is absolutely permanent, and cannot be reduced afterwards. It is usually advisable to stop treatment about three days before the bust attains the exact size and firmness desired, as the stimulating effect may continue for two or three days, but never longer.*

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The Outcry Against Games

HOW FAR IT IS JUSTIFIED: "CAN'TS" VERSUS "WON'TS"

I WAS very gratified to see that the gist of my remarks in last week's issue of THE BYSTANDER on the baneful effects of playing games by proxy has been influentially endorsed. I referred more particularly to the lamentable degeneracy of a certain class with whom the "following" of professional football has become such an obsession that they are quite blind to the nation's present needs, and in a letter to the *Daily Mail* of September 9 the Rev. W. Pollock-Hill, ex-President of the Oxford University Athletic Club and one of Oxford's most renowned running Blues, writing from his vicarage in South Lancashire—in the very heart of a district where the fog of football is at its densest—bears me out as follows: "Football has undoubtedly militated against enlisting in the Territorials in the past. Many are so saturated in the game that they prefer watching a match on a Saturday to route marching. Besides this their thoughts all the week are on football coupons and betting. I speak from knowledge. Is this spirit to be engendered and pandered to this season of all seasons in football history, and in British history?"

* * *

Herein lies the danger of what I have termed playing games by proxy through the medium of highly trained and highly efficient professional experts—the danger that it may become a habit as devitalising and as ineradicable as the more obviously vicious forms of self-indulgence. But, as I said last week, the existence of this danger ought not, if we have any regard for our sanity, to have the effect of carrying us to the opposite extreme. We should still be able to differentiate between what is legitimate in sport at the present time and what is not. If we cannot we may, perhaps, be doing as much harm in an excess of zeal in one direction as the football maniac is doing in another.

* * *

I have never been able to make up my mind as to whether public opinion as a whole is voiced by, or is only an echo of, the voice of the Press. But I do know that a section of the public, at any rate, are content, whether through laziness or lack of brains, to buy their opinions ready-made through their newsvendor at so much a time, without stopping to inquire whether they are getting the thing they really want or the thing that it suits the producer's book to sell them, or, indeed, whether the opinion which they have bought is really worth the price they have paid for it.

MR. F. N. CHARRINGTON

Protesting at half-time during a match on the Fulham Football Ground against the playing of football during the war

* * *

But this is a mere digression. The "prevailing note" for some days past has been an outcry against games. The "slacker" *par excellence* just now is the man who "plays" at anything, no matter what his age, obligations, infirmities, and embarrassments — to say nothing of his own conception of what is best calculated to enable him to "keep going"—may be. The mere fact that he devotes some of his leisure to something which is labelled with that frivolous epithet "a game" is sufficient to brand him as a waster of the worst type.

* * *

Let us pause for a moment and remind ourselves—very necessarily—of the fact that we *can't* all of us be doing what we want to do—I need not try to be more explicit. Honestly I believe the percentage of those who *really won't* to be small. Is it quite fair that the vast army of "*Can'ts*" should suffer for the sins of the small contingent of "*Really Won'ts?*" Is everything in the way of recreation denied to those who *can?* Of course not. Doubtless it is little enough, but they enjoy it uncriticised. And why for the rest of us who can't—just because we can't—is all recreation to be tabooed? For that is what it comes to if this outcry against games—as games—means anything. Carried to its logical conclusion it means that we must not go to a theatre, a picture palace, a concert, or a show of any kind. It is doubtful even whether we are entitled to indulge in the luxury of a health-giving country walk. When the day's work is done there is nothing for it but to sneak home and muse upon our impotence. We dare not do anything to prove that we are not wholly impotent for fear that our actions might be misconstrued. "Tommy" and "Jack"—God bless 'em—are happy in their freedom from these trammels, and it is well for England that this is so, for it is their glorious lightheartedness that will pull us through.

H. S. S.

To Aid the "Call"

Among the well-known employers who are holding out inducements to their staffs to respond to the call to arms, Messrs. James Carter and Co., of Raynes Park, S.W., the well-known seedsmen, are not only keeping positions open, but paying half wages to all members of their staff who are accepted for service. No distinction between married or unmarried is made, as Messrs. James Carter and Co. realise that the latter have dependents also.

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Photograph THE EYES OF THE ARMY [*Sport and General*

A French aeroplane, guarded by soldiery at Belfort. Just what quality of service the air fleet is rendering to the Allied Forces, the tribute of General French to the work of the Royal Flying Corps makes evident

The Armoured Car Alow and Aloft

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Flush of Good News

IN the flush of good news from the theatre of ghastly war, and in the large hope that the good news will continue right up to the gates of Berlin and through them, let us consider a few little things like the success of the armoured car in war, the comparative impotence of the aeroplane as a bomb-dropper (due to the nature of the bombs and not to the intentions of the dropper), but its superlative importance as a scout; and more especially what our own military airmen have been doing.

***

The Car as Enemy

First *in re* the car in war; but particularly the armoured car. The motor vehicle as a means of transport has obvious qualities of service, and everywhere we have been reading how they have been expressed. The swiftness of the German advance upon Paris (which I hope will be a snail crawl by comparison with the rapidity of their retreat) was doubtless materially contributed to by the motor vehicle. (Just as the devil can quote scripture effectively, so a devil may use a good thing for a foul purpose.) We read of cars dashing along with scouting parties, followed hard by cavalry and guns, and the fast movement of staff and stores behind. We read also of the motor 'bus and the laundry van, still labelled, chasing along the British lines in France, and giving a strangely home-sweet-home effect to a grimly foreign business. And we have also read of the armoured car, a type of vehicle we did not possess at all at the start of the war, but possessed by Germany and France and Belgium, and it appears to have made very good indeed.

Road Dreadnoughts

At present it seems to be a very amateurish fit up. Scientifically devised it would have been a pretty fearsome weapon if the immature machines in use are capable of such destructive work. Now that they have proved themselves not unrelated to the Dreadnought, the opportunity exists for a car manufacturer in the doldrums of heavy slump, to get out a swift design and offer it to the War Office. There should be a demand for them. The laugh that was laughed in official quarters at such a vehicle before the war, will hardly be laughed to-day.

***

A Stirring Story

As for the air fleet—who can read that first stirring story by Sir John French, with its tribute to the work of the Royal Flying Corps, without a heart-jump? Up irrespective of weather, in the atmosphere of danger, fired upon by friend and foe alike (a future possibility against which there should be, and doubtless now are, greater safeguards), responsible by direct action in the air for the destruction of several of the enemy's machines, bringing back information of the location and strength of the hidden opposition, information which so materially assisted Haig and Smith-Dorrien to extricate their forces and inflict enormous losses upon the Germans while fighting on the retreat — here, indeed, is a justification of all that has been urged in the past as to the urgent necessity for England to have a mistresship of the air as well as the sea; here, indeed, is a splendid monument to the *personnel* of our air forces.

A Few Vain Things

The custom, even at home, was to give small consideration to the aerial factor. On the Continent the size and quality of our conceptions and preparations were openly derided. Germany took hold of the matter later, so far as the heavier-than-air machine was concerned, than France, later, probably, than England; but with characteristic thoroughness it took hold with both hands and, before the war, had wrested almost every world's record of importance from its holder. Its success in that department of its military organisation led it, in strict accordance with Teutonic precedent, to the imagination of many vain things. What has been the net result so far? Fleet bottled from the word "go." Nothing like the projected picnic to Paris for the land forces and less likely to be a triumphant return with the War Lord (for the first time) in the front. While in the air the Zeppelins, as I fully anticipated, have been of very little service during their very short time of life, and the aeroplanes, to put it at its lowest, have met their match. The little British air fleet is living up to the poetic traditions of the little British Army.

LYONS v. LIPTON

Mr. Justice Sankey on Tuesday, September 8, granted an interim injunction on the application of Messrs. J. Lyons and Company, Ltd., restraining Messrs. Lipton, Ltd., their servants or agents, from speaking or writing and publishing any words to the effect or of the substance that J. Lyons and Company, Ltd., or the directorate thereof, is composed of Germans, and that by purchasing their commodities the public is assisting the enemies of Great Britain.

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standing ¼-mile back from road on a southern slope: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, oak-panelled billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, complete domestic offices, music room converted from a fine old barn: delightful well-timbered gardens; stabling, garage, ample buildings, 7 cottages.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W. Personally inspected and highly recommended.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

FURNISHED LONDON HOUSES AND FLATS.

MESSRS. WILSON AND GRAY advise that early application should be made to their agency for the best selection of West End properties. Applicants when writing for particulars should state (1) size of house or flat required (2) for what period (3) Rent.

ACCOMMODATION:

SITUATION	Bedrooms	Baths	Reception Rooms	Garage	Rent Gns.	REMARKS
BRUTON STREET	14	2	6	Yes	800	Until Easter
Ditto	9	2	3	—	25	Per Week
CHARLES STREET	12	2	5	—	25	,,
DEANERY STREET	5	2	3	—	15	,,
GREEN STREET	7	2	4	—	12	,,
HEREFORD GARDENS	11	2	6	Yes	25	,,
NORFOLK STREET	10	3	4	—	18	,,
PARK LANE	5	1	2	—	14	,,
SOUTH STREET	11	2	4	—	25	,,
SOUTH AUDLEY STREET	7	1	3	—	15	,,
LOWDNES SQUARE	11	2	4	—	11	,,
CHESTER STREET	7	1	3	—	10	,,
BERKELEY SQUARE	5	1	2	—	15	,,
MOUNT STREET	4	1	2	—	14	,,
NORTH AUDLEY STREET	4	1	2	—	8	,, (Flats)
SOUTH STREET	5	1	2	—	12	,,
WILBRAHAM PLACE	5	1	2	—	10	,,

NUMEROUS OTHERS TO BE LET. FULL LIST ON APPLICATION.

TOWN HOUSE SALE BARGAINS.

LOWNDES SQUARE.

FOR SALE AT

LITTLE OVER HALF ITS COST.

EXCEEDINGLY CHOICE and well-appointed HOUSE. Held on long direct lease, having about 56 years unexpired at a moderate ground rent. It is

CLOSE TO PARK AND FACING GARDENS,

and comprises 11 bedrooms, 2 well-fitted bathrooms, beautiful double drawing room, fine dining room, large square hall, charming study panelled in genuine old oak, a

MAGNIFICENT MUSIC OR BILLIARD ROOM 24 FEET SQUARE.

Remarkably good and up-to-date domestic offices. Strongly recommended.

GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.

BEAUTIFUL GEORGIAN HOUSE, *close to the Park*, with unusually large and handsome rooms, fine staircase, *passenger lift*, beautiful fireplaces and other special features which mark it out of the usual run of London houses. There are 8 bed and dressing rooms, 4 beautiful reception rooms, and unusually good basement; garage (let off at £80 per annum). Lease 8½ years. The very

LOW PRICE OF £1,400

will be accepted for a quick sale.

WILTON PLACE.

£250 PER ANNUM. PREMIUM £500.

A BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED LITTLE HOUSE, WITH CHARMING GARDEN OF ITS OWN.

A **DELIGHTFUL BIJOU RESIDENCE,** newly decorated and in perfect order, occupying

WONDERFULLY SUNNY AND OPEN POSITION,

with gardens front and back, to be LET, Unfurnished, with early possession: splendid dining and drawing rooms, charming little boudoir leading on to garden, 6 capital bedrooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; dinner lift and every up-to-date improvement. Lease 10½ years. Strongly recommended.

Offices: 14, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.; and at 20, PRINCES ST., YEOVIL (Western Counties Branch)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD.)** Telephones: Western 1 (60 lines). Byfleet 149.

ESTATE AGENTS **BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.; and Byfleet.** **AUCTIONEERS**

THIS GLORIOUS OLD HOUSE, an embodiment of all that is sought in the domestic architecture of the period, resplendent with ancient oak panellings, beams, rafters, staircase, etc.

ABSOLUTELY MUST BE SOLD, AND IS THEREFORE OFFERED AT THE FIRST REASONABLE PROPOSAL THAT IS MADE (SAY £7,000).

17 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 5 reception rooms, modern offices; electric light, radiators, telephone; stabling for 6, coach-house, and garage. LOVELY OLD GARDENS AND GROUNDS, paved gardens, fine lawns, pergolas, kitchen garden, orchard and paddock, in all 10 acres.—Call, 'phone, or write, HARRODS (Ltd.), Estate Agents, as above.

CHARMING OLD TUDOR COTTAGE RESIDENCE.

HERTS (about 3 miles from 2 stations, 45 minutes Town).—HOUSE contains: 3 reception, bath, and 5 bedrooms; stabling for 3; cottages; lovely old gardens and grounds of about 17 ACRES.

For SALE.—Confidently recommended by the Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (Fo. 16,205)

RENT £85 AND PREMIUM.

SURREY HILLS, in a lovely position, 500ft. above sea level. ADJOINING AN EXCELLENT 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE. 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms. EXQUISITELY PRETTY GROUNDS OF 1¼ ACRES; tennis lawn.

WORTH £130 PER ANNUM.

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35 MINUTES FROM LONDON.
ADJOINING A LOVELY SURREY COMMON.

SURREY (within 2 miles of a main line station, and only 35 minutes from London).—To be SOLD, ONE OF THE MOST PERFECT MODERATE-SIZED HOUSES in the county, well away from road and surrounded by CHARMING WELL-WOODED GROUNDS OF 10 ACRES.

Lounge hall (oak panelled), 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light, Company's water; stabling for 3, coach-house or motor-house.—Inspected and very strongly recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN. £1,500.

BUCKS (40 minutes from Town, *in a perfectly delightful spot, overlooking the lovely Bois Common,* 500ft. above sea level).—Exceptionally picturesque COUNTRY RETREAT, in old-fashioned style, splendidly equipped throughout. Electric light, gas, and main water: 5 bedrooms, bath, 2 reception rooms, large open loggia, lounge hall; charming gardens, with tennis lawn and rose pergola. Would be LET on lease.—Full particulars of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

TELEGRAMS: "Merceral, London." **F. L. MERCER & CO.,** TELEPHONE No. 1579 Regent.

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

ONE OF THE MOST PERFECTLY APPOINTED PROPERTIES IN THE DISTRICT.

Replete with every modern convenience.

SEVENOAKS (in the best part, 'midst lovely country, 1 mile from the station, on high ground).

3 large reception, full-sized billiard, 3 beautifully fitted bathrooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms.

ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING. GAS. MAIN DRAINAGE. CO.'S WATER. SOFT WATER APPARATUS INSTALLED. TELEPHONE.

Heavily timbered and shrubbed pleasure grounds renowned for their beauty, with grass and hard tennis courts, croquet lawn, terraces, rockeries, rose gardens, kitchen garden, and paddock.

STABLING, GARAGE, CHAUFFEUR'S COTTAGE.

FREEHOLD, £7,000.

—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

THE BARGAIN OF THE CENTURY.
A COUNTY SEAT FOR SALE AT FARM PRICE.

NORTH DEVON (close to a station, in a high and healthy situation, commanding the finest views in the county).—The imposing Family RESIDENCE contains: 5 reception, billiard, bath, 16 bedrooms; there are very pretty pleasure grounds; stabling; farmery, cottage, and

OVER 100 ACRES OF PARKLANDS.

Price asked only £3,000. Open to offer.

The House and buildings are in tiptop order, and the price asked is considerably less than half the cost to the present owner.

NEWBURY.

FISHING. HUNTING. GOLF.

THE ATTRACTIVE AND SUBSTANTIALLY-BUILT RESIDENCE stands in the midst of a beautifully timbered miniature park, through which it is approached by a long carriage drive, and contains: lounge hall, 4 handsome reception, 2 bath, 9 bedrooms; gas; main water; telephone; large garage, men's rooms;

BEAUTIFUL OLD-WORLD GARDENS,

heavily timbered with specimen trees, rhododendron clumps, wide-spreading lawns, rose walks, productive orchard and kitchen garden, paddock, in all about 14 ACRES. THE WHOLE IN PERFECT ORDER. Price £4,750 (worth double).—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

GENTLEMAN'S PLEASURE FARM.

SUFFOLK (near Coast), 2 hours London.—**SPECIMEN ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.**

Handsome Staircase, Much Old Oak.

3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bath; Co.'s water and gas available.

160 ACRES GOOD LAND.

60 pasture; all in good heart.

AMPLE RANGE FARM BUILDINGS.

FREEHOLD, £2,880.

Price reduced from £10,500 to £6,250—in consequence of owner being called away to join his regiment.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS (near; 1 hour from town; 300ft. up, 'midst lovely country).—The above depicted beautiful

OLD BLACK AND WHITE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE,

in perfect order throughout; containing magnificent old oak beams and panelling (the drawing room panelling alone valued at £1,500), and surrounded by

LOVELY OLD-WORLD GROUNDS,

with stone-flagged terrace, etc., and well-timbered pasture-land; 16 ACRES (more land adjoining up to 50 ACRES can be purchased): 12 bed and dressing rooms, large lounge hall, bath; full-sized billiard and suite of three reception rooms; large motor garage and stabling; Company's water; light soil; telephone; new drainage; hunting, golf. During the owner's absence on active service we have power to deal with the Estate at the above

SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

Photos on application.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

THE CHEAPEST ESTATE EVER OFFERED.

ONLY 16 MILES FROM LONDON ('midst lovely country).—Charming old-fashioned RESIDENCE: 3 reception, billiard, bath, 10 bedrooms; main water; pretty gardens; cottage; stabling, farmery, and

41 ACRES OF PARKLAND.

Price just reduced from £5,000 to £3,000.

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By Order of the Executors of
The Late COLONEL J. I. WESTON, also the properties of
" DOWAGER DUCHESS of NEWCASTLE
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HIGH-CLASS MODERN AND ANTIQUE FRENCH AND ENGLISH FURNITURE, PERSIAN AND OTHER CARPETS, SILVER, SHEFFIELD PLATE, RARE OLD GLASS, OIL PAINTINGS. ENGRAVINGS, Etc.,
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THE FURNITURE AND FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.

Any Article may be had separately, and, if desired, CAN REMAIN Stored free, and payment made when delivery required, or will be PACKED FREE AND DELIVERED OR SHIPPED TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

ENTIRE FURNISHINGS OF 96 BEDROOMS,

Including Suites by Gillow and other eminent makers, in Satinwood, Silver Ash, White Lacquer, Mahogany, and other woods in styles of Empire, Adams, Sheraton, Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Jacobean, Louis Seize, etc., ranging from £2 15s. to 500gs.; Several really well-made and Finished SOLID BEDROOM SUITES, comprising Roomy WARDROBE, enclosed by bevelled edge robing mirror, DRESSING CHEST, with drawers fitted under, and large mirror over, WASHSTAND, fitted with drawers and cupboards, TOWEL RAILS and CHAIRS, all to match, being offered as low as £3, being less than one-third original cost, and well suited either for hotels or private residences; the BEDSTEADS, with Spring Mattress complete to match the Bedroom Suites, 15s EACH; LARGER SUITES in Inlaid Mahogany of Sheraton design, 7 GUINEAS; and Choice WHITE LACQUERED BEDROOM SUITES at £8 15s.; Solid Figured GOLDEN ASH BEDROOM SUITE, made by Gillows, and consisting of 6ft. WIDE WARDROBE, fitted with drawers and trays, enclosed by large Bevelled Edge Robing Mirror, PEDESTAL DRESSING TABLE, 4ft. wide, fitted 9 drawers and 4 jewel drawers, WASHSTAND, 4ft. wide, fitted with 3 drawers and 2 large cupboards, PEDESTAL CABINET, TOWEL HORSE, and 3 CHAIRS, complete 16 GUINEAS.

DINING-ROOMS, RECEPTION, SMOKING, AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Fine Quality Real TURKEY CARPETS in perfect condition, from £3 17s 6d.; large Real TURKEY RUGS to match, 17s. 6d.; 24 SOLID MAHOGANY DINING-ROOM CHAIRS, with spring upholstered seats, covered leather, 10s. each, EASY CHAIRS to match, 25s. each; Handsome Solid MAHOGANY SIDEBOARD, 6ft. wide, made by Weston and Gill, £6 10s.; Solid Mahogany DINING TABLE, extending to about 12ft., £5 10s.; 9 Exceptionally fine SOFTLY SPRUNG CHESTERFIELD SETTEES, some covered morocco leather, with loose down cushion seats (part removed from the Imperial Services Exhibition), from 35s. each, with LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS to match, from 15s.; Fine QUEEN ANNE DESIGN DINING-ROOM SET, complete if taken in one lot, 18 GUINEAS; or can be had separately as follows: The Elegant SIDEBOARD, 5ft. wide. perfect condition, £6 15s.; SET OF EIGHT CHAIRS, including 2 Carving Chairs and 6 smaller to match, £7 15s.; Round Extending DINING TABLE with extra leaves, £4 10s.

A Complete JACOBEAN DESIGN DINING-ROOM SET exceptionally well made and finished, for 13 GUINEAS the lot, or can be separated; Important 7 FEET WIDE CHIPPENDALE DESIGN SIDEBOARD, 28 GUINEAS, with Magnificent WINE SARCOPHAGUS to match, 12gs.; IMPORTANT SET OF CHIPPENDALE DESIGN CHAIRS, with exquisitely carved frames, upholstered morocco leather, 55 GUINEAS (connoisseurs should inspect); IMPORTANT CHINESE CHIPPENDALE DESIGN 8 FEET WIDE SECRETAIRE BOOKCASE, 100 GUINEAS (would suit collector); the CHIPPENDALE ROUND DINING TABLE, extending to 14ft. long, with Elaborately Carved Claw and Ball Legs, 18 GUINEAS; 4 GRANDFATHER CHIMING CLOCKS, Several Old English CHIMING BRACKET CLOCKS, from 2gs., in perfect order; Mason's Iron Stone China and other DINNER SERVICES, Choice DESSERT SERVICES, Old Flint and other SETS OF TABLE GLASS, a complete Set of over 100 Pieces, finely etched, being offered at £5 10s.; Complete CANTEEN by Eminent Makers, containing Cutlery by Mappin and Webb, Elkington, Rogers, etc.

DRAWING-ROOMS,

in Empire, Louis Quatorse, and Louis Seize Styles, comprise CHESTERFIELD SUITE of 7 pieces, covered Silk and beautifully spring upholstered, 12 GUINEAS; Several very Fine CHESTERFIELD SETTEES, 6ft. 6in. long, £4 15s.; Softly sprung EASY CHAIRS, 35s.; Elegant Carved and Gilt LOUIS XIV. SALON SUITE of 7 PIECES, Spring-upholstered throughout, and covered with choice Silk, 12 GUINEAS; Carved and Gilt Tables, Cabinets, Wall Mirrors, Jardinières, and Footstools. A very Fine Collection of Boule and Inlaid Tortoiseshell Cabinets, Tables, Writing Cabinets, also Vernes Martin painted French Commodes, Writing Bureaux, Encognieurs, Pedestals, etc. An Exceptionally fine Selection of Decorated Satinwood Furniture, very beautifully painted by Signor "Fernandez," with Medallions and Garlands of Flowers, etc., including a lovely Satinwood Pianoforte, the Whole Lot to be SOLD Without Reserve.

Over 1,200 CARPETS of every description, including a quantity of Art Woollen Bedroom Carpets in useful sizes, from 5s. each.

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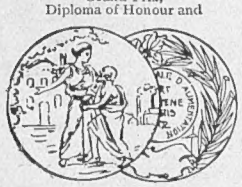
Grand Prix, Diploma of Honour and Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.



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IMPORTANT NOTICE.—We have NO WEST END Branches, neither are we connected with ANY OTHER depositories. Our ONLY ADDRESS is as above. Having NO WEST END EXPENSES TO MAINTAIN enables us to offer GENUINE ADVANTAGES in really Fine Antique and High-class Goods. Established Over Half a Century.
L. LEWIS, Manager.

Stewed fruit with Milkmaid Cream!

YOU DO NOT KNOW the taste of Real Cream until you have tasted "MILKMAID CREAM." Ordinary cream in jars or little jugs almost always contains a preservative which artificially sweetens the cream and merely masks decomposition. "Milkmaid Cream" is absolutely pure and quite clean and sterilised so that its flavour is that of the real true cream so seldom found.

"MILKMAID CREAM"

with fresh, stewed, canned or bottled fruit is perfection; in tea or coffee it lends distinction and improves the flavour. For making Ices perfect in consistency to the last spoonful it is unequalled.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores. Write for Free Book containing upwards of 70 recipes.

NESTLÉ & ANGLO-SWISS CONDENSED MILK CO., 6 and 8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

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THE BURBERRY

"The World's Best Weatherproof"

The Burberry is the ONE Weatherproof Top-coat that completely satisfies the requirements of everyday life both in town or country.

Made in materials woven and proofed by Burberrys, it efficiently withstands continuous downpours of rain without becoming saturated.

Naturally ventilating and airylight, The Burberry can be worn on the mildest day without discomfort or fatigue.

Smart and workmanlike, it endows its wearer with a robust virility that at once denotes the man of character, alert both in business and pleasure.

Every genuine Burberry garment is labelled 'Burberrys'

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From this date until further notice offer a special discount for cash of
20% OFF LIST PRICES
so that they may retain the whole of their large staff. Wearing apparel of every description cleaned and proofed efficiently by the most up-to-date processes.
Price List on Application

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and presented in good reliable materials. The "Malvern" is popular with boys from eight to sixteen, at prices ranging from 21*s.* to 42*s.* The knickers are drawn into bands at the knees, and the round-fronted coat is supplemented by a vest to match. Norfolk suits, a style much appreciated for small boys, commence at 7*s.* 6*d.*, another excellent little suit being the "Alva," made in serges, Venetians, and cloths from 8*s.* 6*d.* to 21*s.* The regulation black suit is well represented, as also "Eton" and "Harrow" suits for day and evening wear.

A similarly good range of choice prevails in overcoats and mackintoshes. The D.B. "Chester" is a thoroughly comfortable model. This can be had in either West of England tweeds, raincoatings, or Cheviots at prices ranging from a guinea to 45*s.* The "Sandown" is a very smart style in covert-coating, or Irish tweeds and friezes, the prices asked for it being 23*s.*, 30*s.*, and 35*s.*; while for general all-round serviceable wear it would be hard to improve upon the "Cambridge," the price of which coat starts at a guinea.

The Bespoke Order Department

For the convenience of country customers unable to pay a personal visit to Tottenham House, Messrs. Shoolbreds are pleased to send a selection of their ready-to-wear garments on approval, and easily filled-in self-measurement forms are supplied. The bespoke tailoring at Shoolbreds is a special branch, and the work turned out is of unquestionable value.

The Right Spirit

Messrs. Williamson and Cole, Ltd., of High Street, Clapham, London, S.W., who, as everybody knows, are famous all over the world for their loose covers, casements, carpets, etc., have adopted the "business as usual" motto in a most determined spirit. At a time like this they do not believe in dismissing hands or reducing salaries, and although they employ a very large number of people in their shops and factories, they have not yet found it necessary to place any of their employees on either short time or short pay. Messrs. Williamson and Cole, Ltd., feel that they can rely upon the support of their customers and friends even at a time of national crisis like this, and so long as this continues there will be no reduction of staff.

Hurdles for all Purposes

For the temporary protection, whether in field or garden, of growing crops, flowers, young shrubs and the like, and, in fact, for all purposes of adequate, and at the same time economical, fencing, including the enforcement of that oft-disregarded injunction, "keep off the grass," there is nothing to come up to the homely hurdle. Messrs. Hurdles, Ltd., of Letchworth, as their trade name implies, make a speciality of this useful aid to cultivation and trimness, and their portable wattled hazel hurdles, quite apart from their strength and durability, have the additional advantage over the "open" type of hurdle that they serve as efficient wind-screens.

For Tommy's Toilet

The Proprietors of Wright's Coal Tar Soap have given 20,000 tablets to the British Red Cross Society.

Practical Patriotism

The Highbury Furnishing Co., Ltd., of Upper Street, Islington, London, N., have notified all Regulars, Territorials and men serving with the Colours that in the event of death while on active service the furniture held from them under hiring agreement will be given free of all further payment to the widow or next-of-kin.

The Menu: Invalid Cookery

A FEW recipes for beef tea and other nutritious dishes may be useful at the present time, when so many are helping to nurse our soldiers back to life and health.

Beef Essence
Raw Beef Tea
Savoury Beef Jelly
Savoury Custard
Raw Beef Sandwiches
Chicken Panada

Beef Essence

Two pounds of beef cut into small pieces and perfectly cleared from skin or fat. Put it into a jar without water. Tie it over with bladder and a piece of paper over it. Put it in a pan of cold water, and let it boil slowly for five or six hours, filling up the pan as the water boils away. Strain the liquor from the beef, set it aside to get cold, skim off any fat that may be on the top. One tablespoonful to be given at a time, either by itself or diluted, hot or cold.

Raw Beef Tea

Cut ½ lb. of juicy steak into small pieces. Put in a basin with one pint of cold water. Add three drops of pure muriatic acid and a pinch of salt. Let it stand for two hours at least. Then strain it and use it. Do not cook it in any way whatever. If required warm, put the cup containing the liquid in a basin of boiling water, and so warm it.

Savoury Beef Jelly

Cut 1 lb. of beef in very small pieces, and free it of every particle of fat. Cut a carrot into four pieces, add a little [illegible] and salt, cover closely, and simmer for two hours. Strain through a hair sieve, and set in a small mould in a cool place. Do not cut the carrot small, as only the flavour is required.

Savoury Custard

Take four tablespoonfuls of good veal stock and two eggs, and make it into a custard, seasoning with pepper and salt to taste. Butter a mould or basin, and fill with the custard. Put some cold water in a stewpan. Let the water come half-way up to the mould. Simmer for half an hour, but be careful that the water does not boil, as it will curdle the custard. Beef-tea can be used instead of veal stock.

Raw Beef Sandwiches

Cut 2 oz. of beef-steak and chop as finely as possible on a board with a very small pinch of flour. Then pound into a paste, and add pepper and salt. Cut a stale tin loaf into thin slices, taking off the crust, lightly butter the bread, and spread the paste nicely over. These taste quite as good as if made of fresh potted meat, and are very nourishing for convalescent cases, especially after typhoid fever or other illnesses.

Chicken Panada

Take about 3 oz. of the white meat of a chicken which has been parboiled, pound it quite finely, and put it into a jar with a pinch of salt; add half a pint of milk, a little grated nutmeg, and a small piece of lemon-peel. Set the jar in a saucepan of water, stir and boil for a few minutes. It should be tolerably thick, and pearl barley or rice may be boiled to a pulp, passed through a sieve, and added to it which makes it more nourishing. The yolk of an egg can be added.

EMILIA

and presented in good reliable materials. The "Malvern" is popular with boys from eight to sixteen, at prices ranging from 21*s.* to 42*s.* The knickers are drawn into bands at the knees, and the round-fronted coat is supplemented by a vest to match. Norfolk suits, a style much appreciated for small boys, commence at 7*s.* 6*d.*, another excellent little suit being the "Alva," made in serges, Venetians, and cloths from 8*s.* 6*d.* to 21*s.* The regulation black suit is well represented, as also "Eton" and "Harrow" suits for day and evening wear.

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Two pounds of beef cut into small pieces and perfectly cleared from skin or fat. Put it into a jar without water. Tie it over with bladder and a piece of paper over it. Put it in a pan of cold water, and let it boil slowly for five or six hours, filling up the pan as the water boils away. Strain the liquor from the beef, set it aside to get cold, skim off any fat that may be on the top. One tablespoonful to be given at a time, either by itself or diluted, hot or cold.

Raw Beef Tea

Cut ½ lb. of juicy steak into small pieces. Put in a basin with one pint of cold water. Add three drops of pure muriatic acid and a pinch of salt. Let it stand for two hours at least. Then strain it and use it. Do not cook it in any way whatever. If required warm, put the cup containing the liquid in a basin of boiling water, and so warm it.

Savoury Beef Jelly

Cut 1 lb. of beef in very small pieces, and free it of every particle of fat. Cut a carrot into four pieces, add a little pepper and salt, cover closely, and simmer for two hours. Strain through a hair sieve, and set in a small mould in a cool place. Do not cut the carrot small, as only the flavour is required.

Savoury Custard

Take four tablespoonfuls of good veal stock and two eggs, and make it into a custard, seasoning with pepper and salt to taste. Butter a mould or basin, and fill with the custard. Put some cold water in a stewpan. Let the water come half-way up to the mould. Simmer for half an hour, but be careful that the water does not boil, as it will curdle the custard. Beef-tea can be used instead of veal stock.

Raw Beef Sandwiches

Cut 2 oz. of beef-steak and chop as finely as possible on a board with a very small pinch of flour. Then pound into a paste, and add pepper and salt. Cut a stale tin loaf into thin slices, taking off the crust, lightly butter the bread, and spread the paste nicely over. These taste quite as good as if made of fresh potted meat, and are very nourishing for convalescent cases, especially after typhoid fever or other illnesses.

Chicken Panada

Take about 3 oz. of the white meat of a chicken which has been parboiled, pound it quite finely, and put it into a jar with a pinch of salt; add half a pint of milk, a little grated nutmeg, and a small piece of lemon-peel. Set the jar in a saucepan of water, stir and boil for a few minutes. It should be tolerably thick, and pearl barley or rice may be boiled to a pulp, passed through a sieve, and added to it which makes it more nourishing. The yolk of an egg can be added.

EMILIA